The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

May, 1920 Twenty Cents

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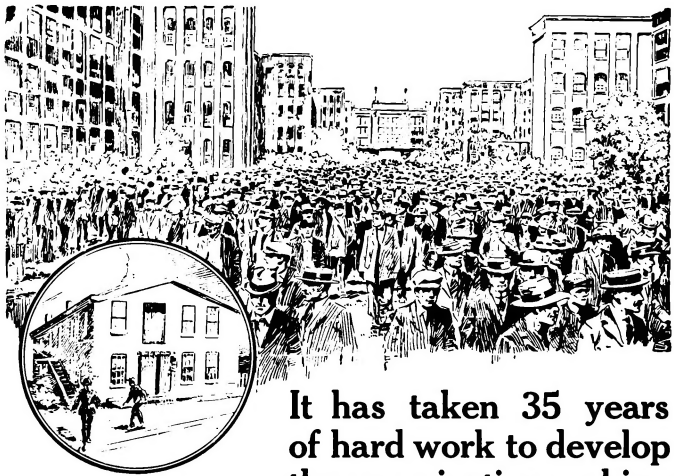
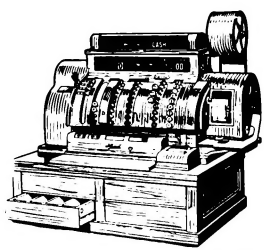


It has taken 35 years of hard work to develop the organization making National Cash Registers

STARTING with two employees in one little room, The National Cash Register Company now has a making organization of over 7,000 people working in 21 big buildings.

It has taken 35 years to develop this tremendous organization.

Many obstacles had to be overcome in those years. Money, time, and energy were thrown into the enterprise by large-visioned men who believed that cash registers were a necessity in stores of all kinds.



Slowly, but surely the business grew. Building after building sprang up to house the expanding organization.

The National Cash Register factory of today is the result. It is built on a foundation of faith in the cash register as a business necessity. It is dedicated to the making of a labor-saving machine that helps merchants, clerks, and customers.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio
Offices in all the principal cities of the world

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161,249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * *

ON THE way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it surely made a hit. Everyone was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory feat—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. To my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring the mental keenness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself using the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my daily work more quickly and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course in Independent Corporation are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need pay no money until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Surely you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before the blank offer is withdrawn.—Independent Corporation Dept., R-735, 319 Sixth Ave., New York.

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them, or send you $5 for each in full payment.

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- ☐ Mastery of Speech By Frederick Houk Law
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($7) By Arthur Sturgis Hamblin
- ☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency By Edward Earle Purinton
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The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

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Education on the many and wonderfully varied lines along which this country of ours is now progressing is a part of the work of the Red Cross.

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

IT IS some eight months now since there came to you the first issue of this magazine devoted to its new policy of picturing an aspiring and better America in the making.

We are beginning to wonder how much our subscribers like the new policy and wherein it could be bettered. Our old *Red Cross Magazine* was universally regarded as a great war magazine. It had war contributions and pictures in wealth and variety unequalled by any other publication. The subjects of war and the Red Cross were inevitably allied.

When peace came and the Red Cross turned its attention to American life in work for communities, for health, for families and children and schools, it was evident that the *Magazine* should ally itself with these subjects, and represent the Red Cross in its peace time alliance with all fine, aspiring effort. The last few numbers of the *Magazine* have been a partial exhibit of this alliance with practical idealism in social and industrial life. What do you think of them?

Of one thing in regard to them, we want to assure you. They have been sincere. Considerations of prejudice or interest, of race or color, of labor or capital have not weighed in their make-up. Are the facts true and fair? Is the idea constructive, valuable and sincere? Is the presentation vivid and clear? These have been the sole tests applied to our pages.

THE article that opens the *Magazine*, for instance, "I Discover My Government," came out of a pile of pamphlets on the desk. They were Government pamphlets. They all look alike. Some are dull in title but on opening them you get at once a wonderful sense of what the great body of little-known public servants in Washington is doing for the rest of us. They gave us an entirely new idea of what our Government really is. So, we got in touch with William Harper Dean, who lives in Washington and who knows this country as few men know it. We asked him to tell us in a series of articles all the wonderful things our Government is doing for just us common citizens. His first article will give not only the foreign born among us, but ourselves as well, much new information.

This is one instance. The Whiting Williams article is another. Williams is an officer of a great steel company in Cleveland. Last Spring, a bunch of his letters came into the office. All we knew about them was that they were written by a man to friends in Cleveland. Dated from various places, at various times, from the boarding houses connected with steel mills in the Pittsburgh region, or some rude place among the coal mines, they were the records of the personal experience of a man who was working as a laborer; applying for a job; getting it; going to a regular boarding house where such men lived; living with them, sleeping in the same bed; taking his turn at work; associating with the workmen on their own level, both in work and companionship. Yet, he was a college graduate and an officer of a great company. The value of his experiences in human terms struck us at once, of course. In his present article, Mr. Williams gives some conclusions of that remarkable experience.

A native herself of her beloved Northwest, Anne Shannon Monroe knows the people of whom she writes, too. She knows the Botanic of her story, personally. The comparison between his achievement and that of many of the rest of us common, everyday Americans made the story seem worth printing.

THE story about Thornton Burgess came out of a lunch table talk. Mr. Burgess knows the world of nature, the world of birds and animals. If there is a better citizen of a Better America than Mr. Burgess, we haven't met him. What is more, he has a keen sense of the obligation his gift of making that world real to children carries with it. Few (*Continued on Page 76.*)

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THE THREE COLORS

By Theodosia Garrison

BLUE sky and lifting breeze
And blossomed fields of May;—
What is it that you look upon,
On this our holy day;
When men come forth from South and North,
Their debt of love to pay
To those who flamed and fought and died,
And dying, live for aye?

"We have seen a fair sight,
A solemn sight and new;—
Three colors, side by side,
Where once we saw but two;—
We have seen the khaki march
Beside the gray and blue!"

Cities of America,
That gave your sons to war,
Men as keen and straight and clean
As the swords they bore;—
On this day of memory
For those who come no more:—
What is it that your streets have seen
That saw so much before?

"We have seen a good sight;—
Comrades on their way,
To honor men of years gone by
And men of yesterday;—
We have seen the khaki march
Beside the blue and gray!"

Gentlemen of honor,
Who knew these colors three—
You, who one day wore them,
Where'er your graves may be,
Within the happy hills of home,
Or distant over-sea—
What is it that you mark to-day,
In this high unity?

"The link of youth and strength and love
That makes the chain thrice true;—
The khaki of America
Between its gray and blue!"

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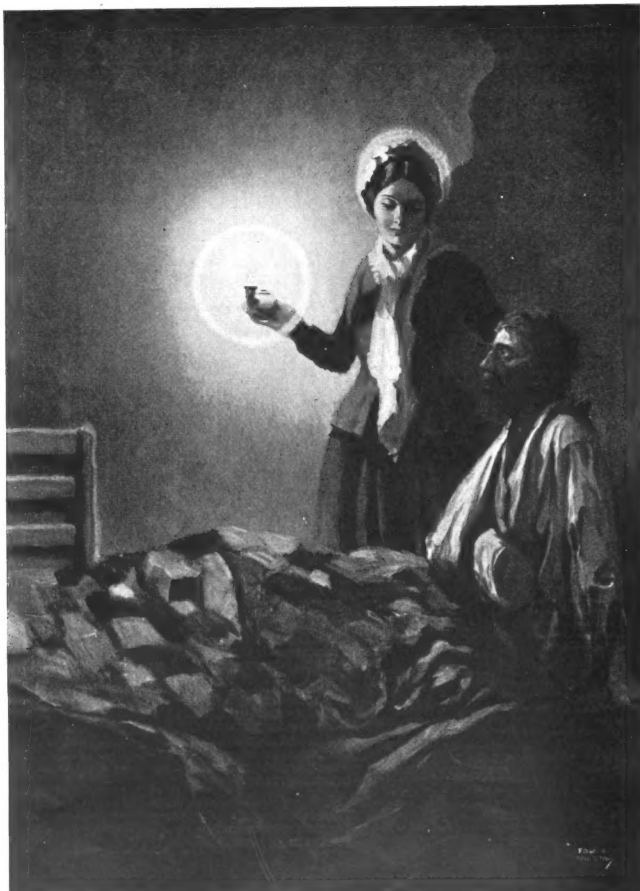


Painted by Edward A. Wilson

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—A FLAME OF SERVICE

Born May 12, 1820; died August 14, 1910

A clear, farseeing mind, a tireless energy, a great organizer, a heart burning ever with the enthusiasm of service; a great leader in an age when women were bound down by customs and traditions

Join Mr. Dean's exploring party and see for yourself what a human and helpful government you have

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT

By William Harper Dean

I

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS DOING FOR MOTHERS AND BABIES

IF one can visualize the United States to-day as a continent gradually peopled from a small band of pioneers struggling against every adversity in an unknown land; if one will not lose sight of the fact that the American Government to-day represents the steady growth and improvement of an emergency agreement among our pioneer forefathers for the preservation of their very existence; then, our Government will cease to appear a giant, mysterious machine which is merely because it is. Then, it will reveal itself as a very human, very practical guardian of your best interests and mine.

We have thought too long of our Government in terms of ponderous Supreme Court decisions, intricate diplomatic technicalities, inexorable laws against this and that. We have committed the great crime against ourselves by visualizing this Government as four or eight years of rule by this party or that.

Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and what not may come and go. We may honestly feel that this country and its Government are doomed if this, or that, partisan issue is lost or triumphs. But the simple, elementary fact remains that, regardless of party platform, this Government operates year in and year out with that same integrity of purpose which characterized the crudest form of Government set up by our forefathers when they organized among themselves to conquer a wilderness.

And, by the same token, you and I must hold fast to the simple thought that to-day we, too, are pioneering; that our Government, in 1920, is the basis of organization best suited to our needs to-day, while we are blazing trails for generations yet unborn.

Washington is the headquarters of our Government—Washington and not Capitol Hill, where laws are passed. Congressmen in the Capitol may tear their hair in frenzied predictions of the crash of our government in the event of certain legislation failing or succeeding. And many of us so far lose our mental perspective as to think in terms so narrow. When we do, we lose sight of the fact that this is an American Congress and, therefore, nothing so un-American as the destruction of our Government can ever be enacted by it.

What we must not forget is that while Capitol Hill seethes with forebodings, in other parts of Washington thousands of sincere, calm men and women, highly trained in special lines of useful work are bending patiently over microscopes to discover some elusive germ which is sapping our vitality; others are doggedly experimenting to discover new fuels for the generations yet to come, who will, we are told, have no more coal or petroleum. Skilled minds are perfecting measures to safeguard your health and mine; to build cheaper and better roads through our country districts; to demonstrate how more food can be grown on an acre to the best advantage of producer and consumer alike.

WHILE the country breathlessly watches the bulletins for election returns, the master astronomers in the vaults of the Naval Observatory at Washington continue to tick standard time for our ships at sea, varying not a fraction of a second; delicate instruments are measuring the standard yardstick so that the builder of the cottage or the skyscraper may not err, so that the housewife's yardstick in Seattle is the housewife's yardstick in Tampa.

These men and women are those to whom we unconsciously have committed our practical welfare. They care little or nothing about politics—except when political blunders resulting from blind partisan ambition threaten to restrict the progress of their work. They ask little more than uninterrupted opportunity to discover better ways of raising children, baking bread, mining coal, forecasting storms, charting seas, saving our forests, improving our land, fighting disease, keeping us physically and mentally fit. They only ask to be free to apply their training and knowledge to the end of making your life and my life a better, bigger thing than the life our forefathers knew.

These men and women are of the nerve and fiber of our Government. Their work is its machinery. Uncle Sam is not a towering colossus of austere features, so weighted down with the arms and armor of law that he is something to be feared. He is the personality of service. Understand him and there is no need to fear him, for then you will respect him.

He will sound his war trumpet to call his armies together for defense. And he will go into the little mountain cabin to see that the baby in the cradle is healthy and strong and that both mother and child have every chance to develop their highest active and potential value.

These are the thoughts I had the other day when I set out to find our Government Children's Bureau. Right in the midst of tremendous buildings filled with men perfecting plans for more powerful guns and explosives for our Army and Navy, there is a modest structure—a temporary one at that—housing our Government's workers for healthier and happier mothers and babies.

This is not a *rendezvous* for theorists and uplifters maintained at Government expense. It is a workshop, manned by serious, trained people who have made the study of motherhood and child hygiene their life work. And our Government, which deals in sixteen-inch guns and super-explosives, also deals in the tender science of child welfare and so has need of a Children's Bureau.

Need? *Every year 17,000 mothers are dying in childbirth, every year 250,000 babies die under one year of age, from causes most of which are preventable.*

"The Children's Bureau studies," our Government says, "have made plain the fact that for great numbers of mothers skilled care and advice are not available.

"In rural communities, the doctor is often miles away and the hospital care that is desirable when complications arise, can be reached only by a costly and tedious journey.

"The visiting nurse, who can teach mothers the things that modern science has learned about the daily hygiene of maternity and infancy and who can detect the symptoms of trouble requiring medical care, is not yet on the ground, except in a few rare instances where experimental work is now under way.

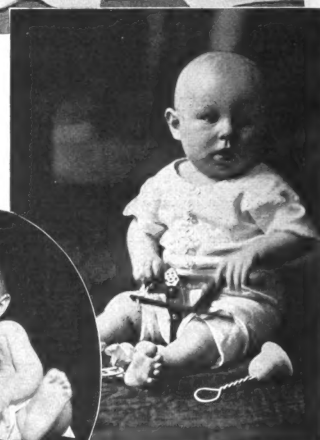
"Maternal deaths, and infant deaths from maternal causes, are not decreasing, because mothers do not yet have the skilled care and advice that they need."

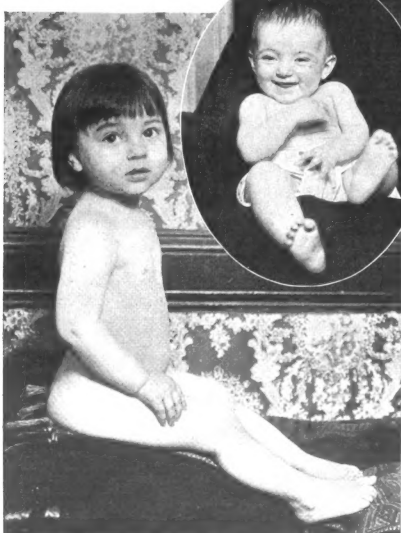
And this in the day of wireless telegraphy, trans-Atlantic flights—in this day, when medical and surgical skill have reached a miraculous state of efficiency!

It is plain enough, to any thinking

PICK THEM OUT FOR YOURSELF

Here is a collection of future American citizens ready for the melting pot. Their parents are of Italian, French, English, Swedish, Irish, Russian and plain Anglo-Saxon extraction. Can you tell which is which? So far as Uncle Sam is concerned he doesn't care. Male or female, Republican or Socialist, Democrat or Prohibitionist, they are all just precious American babies to him and to his faithful servants in Washington





person, that this tragic loss of mothers and babies is not due to a lack of scientific knowledge having to do with their care, but to a woeful lack of means to put this knowledge where it will be of immediate assistance to those 17,000 mothers and 250,000 babies.

Our Children's Bureau has, at its fingers' ends, enough scientific knowledge translated into everyday practical advice to cut this staggering wastage of American lives down to a mere trace of its high percentage, if it could only be put into the homes where it is needed and when it is needed. Since 1912, the Bureau has been making surveys of whole districts, city and rural, collecting all manner of vital statistics. It has drawn on the great research laboratories of this country, on the hospital records and on the clinics. The Bureau's store of knowledge is tremendous. To the extent allowed by its limited funds, it has gone into communities by request and, after studies of local maternity and

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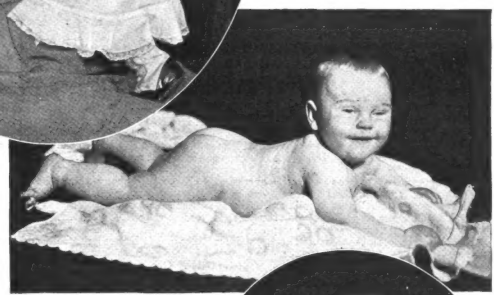

infancy conditions, has made recommendations for community action which have reduced the death rates in a seemingly miraculous manner.

But there are severe limitations on the usefulness of the Children's Bureau in the lack of lawful authority and machinery to reach every mother and child in this country needing its help.

You and I, let us say, live in a little community back in the hills, where the doctor travels slowly over miserable roads and where there are no trained nurses. And we realize that too many of the mothers and babies in these hills are dying and, perhaps, that too many of the mothers who survive childbirth and too many of the babies that live are sub-normal in their health and development. We wonder what we can do about it, for even the nearest town has little or nothing in the way of visiting nurses, baby clinics or maternity hospitals.

We are more than apt to hear directly or indirectly about the Children's Bureau with headquarters in Washington. We have a vague sort of idea what it is all about, but some of us will write to it, groping for help. We feel that this worthy institution of maternity and child-rearing must, somehow, be standardized in its hygiene. So somebody will write to the Bureau, stating the case of the community and asking what can be done about it.

If the Bureau has the funds, it will send a woman agent — a trained intellect—to us. If it has not the funds, we still will get all the information and advice we need to plan community action for community betterment along the most practical lines. The Bureau welcomes these appeals and never yet has slighted one.

Last year, it received nearly 05,000 such letters from communities and in-

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Here is the Child Welfare Special parked in a grove where mothers can bring their babies to have them examined by the doctor and nurse

dividuals asking for advice and help. Every appeal was answered to the utmost of the Bureau's ability as controlled by available funds and legal authority. And last year it sent out more than 3,000,000 pamphlets which were asked for by mothers and fathers and public-spirited citizens with the welfare of their communities at heart. There are complete bulletins on milk as a food for children; on prenatal care of children; on infant care; on child care; on the care of expectant mothers. They are explicit, easy to read and understand and scientifically sound.

Well and good, but, even to-day, tens of thousands of mothers know nothing about the Children's Bureau. They never have imagined that their ponderous government could stop to bother itself about the welfare of an individual mother or her tiny baby. And when they discover that their government is vitally concerned with individual cases, their astonishment is pronounced.

NOT long ago, the Bureau received several letters from a mountain section which called attention to the tragic lot of mothers living there who were isolated from medical attention and who never had been instructed in the principles of prenatal care or child hygiene.

"I should like all the publications on the care of myself and upon the care of a baby," wrote one of these women. "I live 65 miles from a doctor. When my two babies were born, I was very ill each time. I am so worried now and afraid."

The Bureau sent one of its women agents into this district. She went from home to home. She put into the hands of as many mothers as possible all the necessary information and the advice which had so long been denied them. That was the best she could do. And here is a letter which came to the Bureau concerning the agent's visit.

"I am sure the agent's coming has opened up chances for many things out here. It seems strange that conditions that are needless can be endured year after year as they have been out here.

"The mothers and fathers seem to be as though they had awakened from some sort of stupor. One neighbor's wife, who has a little ten-day-old baby, said to me: 'Why hasn't this been thought of before?' In fact, several have asked the same thing, 'Why were we mothers left out here so long?'

"The agent seemed like a real friend and she was, therefore, able to get those inside facts which few of the mountain mothers give to anyone, even their own neighbors."

Now then, if this had been the community in which you and I were living and if, for the first time, we had experienced this helpful contact with our Government through its Children's Bureau, we would have wondered, as did that mother, why we had been left in the dark so long, but from the information imparted to us by that agent, we would have been able to take the first practical steps in the direction of reducing the mortality rate among the mothers and babies.

THE agent cannot remain with us; she shows the way and then leaves the matter in our hands. She tells us that we must safeguard our supplies of milk and drinking water against contagion, that we should register our babies, weigh them regularly, feed them properly as the demands of their little bodies and minds increase. She tells us, we should try to get our town to inaugurate a baby clinic, a system of visiting nurses, and that we ought to have a maternity hospital.

We will do the best we can but perhaps we shall not be able to have the baby clinic, the visiting nurses, and the hospital. Perhaps our town can't afford these aids without increasing taxation to the point where the action would be strenuously opposed. Perhaps, our people are still too little concerned about standardized community safeguards to become enthusiastic over the idea.

That is where the Children's Bureau finds itself year after year; it can go just so far and no farther. It has neither the funds nor the authority to inaugurate these follow-up measures, even if it were a physical possibility to do so. The lack of community cooperation with the Bureau is really delaying the attainment of the Bureau's greatest usefulness.

ALTHOUGH it cannot overstep its legal limitations, the Bureau can awaken in people a sense of their moral obligation to the nation's mothers and babies. It has done so. It has made the nation understand that mothers, in the isolation of their mountain homes, should not be denied the skill and teachings which will enable them to preserve their vitality through the trying period of maternity and to bring healthy babies into the world. It has made America realize that children in the factories—even though the Supreme

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Court has ruled that the Child Labor Law is unconstitutional!—must have every opportunity to develop healthy minds and bodies.

And now, with the public realizing its obligation to the mothers and babies in America, the Bureau has put this fact squarely up to the nation: There must be joint action between the Federal Government and the individual States to materialize the plans which the Bureau has so long advocated and which only in a few cases have been initiated by community, county or State. Furthermore, the Bureau is ready now to offer a complete program for joint work by the Federal Government and the States in behalf of mothers and their children. It is ready to exhibit the crying need of this joint action in the light of this country's long neglect of it.

In eight rural areas in six States, the Children's Bureau gathered detailed information about the mothers of nearly 3,000 babies. Only five cases received prenatal care approaching the minimum standards of "adequate" care, and 80 per cent of the cases were reported as having had no prenatal care whatever!

YES, there are standards for care of mothers and babies. Last year, the Children's Bureau held long conferences attended by representatives of foreign governments. They all agreed on certain minimum standards of maternity and infant care. These standards are tremendously important, and, likewise, very interesting. You can get them printed in full by writing to the Children's Bureau at Washington. They include all the standards for children entering employment—age minimum, educational minimum, physical minimum, hours of employment, minimum wage, placement and employment supervision. They include minimum standards for public protection of the health of mothers, infants and pre-school children, school children, adolescent children, and many other classes.

What do they all mean? Just this. That the best minds in this country, and in other countries, are thoroughly agreed among themselves that the protection of the child must begin with the protection of the mother; that care during pregnancy and confinement, and instruction in the hygiene of maternity, infancy and childhood, must be made available for all mothers through such agencies as prenatal clinics, maternity hospitals, maternity care in the home, children's health centers, and a system of public health nursing *adequate to reach every mother and child!*

We have come face to face with a momentous American problem as the curtain has been drawn aside by the Children's Bureau. It is not a local or sectional problem, the Bureau insists, but a national one.

THE practical solution of it lies with the American people. That solution must be national legislative action authorizing and aiding co-operative work between the States and the Federal Government. It means that we must have, from our Congress, the legislation which at last will enable the Children's Bureau to render the greatest amount of service to the greatest number of mothers and babies and thus to every one in America!

Parallel cases have come up in other lines of Government work. For example, for years and years our Federal Department of Agriculture spent millions of dollars in experimenting and acquiring information worth billions of dollars to the American farmer. So did the various State experiment stations. But, unless the farmer happened to stumble across this information, it seldom reached him. There was no machinery for delivering the vast store of practical knowledge to his farm.

The Lever Extension Act remedied this paradoxical situation. It appropriated Federal funds, dollar for dollar with funds appropriated by the States, to create the machinery for delivering to the farmer what the Federal and State investigators had learned from careful experimentation.

Now, practically every county in the United States has a county agricultural agent who visits the farmers, advises them and makes instantly available any and all information they need which has been stored for their benefit in Washington and elsewhere. The same machinery provides home demonstration agents who visit the farmers' wives in their homes to demonstrate the last word in home economics.

THE same principle must be applied to solving the problem of maternal and child welfare. When the American Red Cross threw its strength into the fight to save the mothers and children of France, while that country's entire resources were committed to resisting the might of Germany's armed aggression, the Red Cross workers declared they would not be satisfied until they had visited every baby born in France during the period of Red Cross activity there.

The Children's Bureau's dream of utmost service will be realized when it is able, through combined Federal and State strength, to know that every American mother and every American baby and child is receiving the health protection to which it is entitled.

It is coming! As I write, there is in Congress a Bill providing Federal appropriations for the States that will undertake public measures for the protection of mothers and children.

Each State that agrees to this co-operative program will receive, by the terms of the Bill, $2,000,000 the first year, the amount to be gradually increased until the sum appropriated for each State will be $4,000,000 annually. As in the case of the Lever Extension Act, this Bill requires that the States shall make appropriations equal to those of the Federal Government. It also provides that, in the case of States failing to make such guarantees, an annual appropriation of

(*Cont. on page 70*)

Weighing the baby regularly is a necessity in the best of families. In this case, the iceman's scales were brought into play

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Florence Nightingale

In the Mall in London her monument stands, reminding the passerby of one of the noblest lives of the century

A FLAME OF SERVICE
A DYNAMO OF ENERGY

By Dorothy S. Phillips

A VIVID personal sketch apropos of the centenary of Florence Nightingale's birth

"IT must be done." Florence Nightingale once said to a doctor, who questioned the possibility of one of her orders. She said it quietly but there was a force behind the soft tones. For Florence Nightingale, there were no impossibilities, no "can'ts." When she said, "It must be done," it was done!

Legend, influenced perhaps by her musical sounding name, has pictured her as a sweet, self-sacrificing, lovely woman, who gave up her life to nursing but fact has given her qualities of a higher worth in a practical, workaday world. True, she had a passion for humanity and a heart that was alive to suffering, alive to the terrible shortcomings of a blundering world. But, more than that, she had a brain that saw the way out. Even when she was a young girl, before she went to the Crimea, she was remarkable for her keen analysis of the questions of the day, and ability to probe into the deep problems of philosophy and religion. Many reformers there are, inflamed with a desire to right the wrong, who somehow cannot work out their dreams into actual life. Florence Nightingale was not one of them.

The foundation of her character was energy, indomitable tireless energy, harnessed to a strong, clear, farseeing mind. Above all things, she was a worker, a

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worker and a fighter. She fought prejudice, incompetence, red tape; she fought people, she fought worn-out ideas. If she had not had this driving power, she never could have brought order out of chaos in the army hospital of the Crimea; she never could have reformed the English Army Medical Department or, in her training school at St. Thomas's Hospital, laid the foundation of modern nursing.

And we must remember that Florence Nightingale lived in the middle of the last century, in an age when girls did not "do things," when the daughter of a well-to-do family, as hers was, did not even dream of a career, but placidly followed the dictates of her family until she placidly settled down and had a family of her own. In the gossip of the neighbors, Florence Nightingale was "queer." She could not content herself with trips abroad, with London society, even with a brilliant match in her heart was the call to serve, and in her mind was the vision of a group of women, not bound by religious vows, like the Sisters of Charity, but bound by the desire for service, the desire to relieve suffering, a group of nurses, trained to nurse. There were no trained nurses back in the 40's. For the most part, the nurses of that day were ignorant, careless women, of unsavory reputation, who were generally looked down upon by society.

Naturally, her family thrust aside with astonishment and dismay her ridiculous scheme of going to Salisbury Hospital as a nurse. Still she clung to her vision and her purpose. Driven on by the unconquerable spirit within her, she studied in secret; visited schools and workhouses and hospitals in London and Europe; and even managed to spend a few months at a nursing institution abroad, until, at last, she broke away from her home and tradition, and became superintendent of a nursing home.

A year later, when the Crimean War broke out, she secured an appointment through Sidney Herbert, a friend and admirer of hers, who was in the Cabinet, and went with thirty-eight other nurses to the army hospital at Scutari. The revolutionizing of that hospital from an insanitary, horrible breeding place of disease and death, into a comparatively clean, well-kept institution, in which sick and wounded human beings could live and recover, was a great achievement, the more remarkable when one remembers that it was but one incident—albeit a spectacular one—in a life of tremendous action and accomplishment.

IN the hospital at Scutari, Florence Nightingale fought a big battle for humanity. Her enemies were the old, old ones—some of which are still rampant to-day as, for instance, ignorance, neglect, officialdom and incompetence. Moreover, she had to combat the continual prejudice of army officers, who could see no good in having a woman

In Westminster Abbey, that resting place of England's greatness, the memory of Florence Nightingale endures in bronze

around, and accused her of "spoiling the brutes." The conditions of the hospital were unthinkable. There were no towels, no bandages, no clean sheets, no clean clothes, no soap, nothing but filth, bad air, and death. Miss Nightingale had been told that nothing was needed but, with her far-seeing eyes, she had bought with her own money and brought along with her a quantity of supplies. These were worth their weight in gold to her in the Crimea. When she arrived at Scutari and saw the intolerable condition of the place, she set to work. Night and day she labored. She set the wheels in motion for the delivery of stores; when a consignment of army shirts failed of delivery because of some regulation, she threw aside red tape and had them unpacked herself. She attacked the system—that terrible system behind which inefficiency was hiding. She established a laundry; she provided for better food; and, when the authorities were notified of the pending arrival of more wounded men she built an addition to the hospital. Besides all this, she nursed the soldiers. She wrote letters for them to their homes and families; she furnished reading and recreation rooms for them; she started classes and lectures. And she even became their banker, sending home money for them.

A human dynamo was she, this plain, rather gentle looking, aristocratic, little lady!

REST was unknown to her. No matter how worn-out she was, how ill—she had to take to her bed for months after she returned from the Crimea—she worked on. When the war was over, she worked all the harder. Before her eyes was the picture of that hospital and her goal was the complete reorganization of the Army Medical Department, so that those terrible conditions could never be repeated. Here she entered the realm of politics and intrigue. But she had many allies. Her devoted co-worker, Sidney Herbert, was in the Cabinet. But perhaps her greatest ally was her own unconquerable spirit. She just would not be defeated, that was all; and before her personality and her keen mind, ministers bowed.

Her agitation for reforms started with the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the health of the Army. Today, Miss Nightingale herself would have served on that Commission, but in those days such a radical departure from custom would have been unknown. But though not in person, she was there in fact, spirit and power. Tooth and nail, she and her loyal followers fought for reform. She knew what the army hospitals were like, and she knew, in practical detail, what reforms and innovations should be instituted. And, besides having knowledge, she had a great reputation. Her service to the men of her country in the Crimea had placed her high in the popular heart.

SO she triumphed. The suggestions of the Commission, which were in reality her plans, were put into effect. Under her influence and due to her perseverance, the army hospitals and barracks were revolutionized, and the old System, which she had fought in the Crimea, was rooted out, and new and better methods reigned in its stead.

And all the while she was instilling into the Army Medical Department, the new and modern idea that to keep a soldier well is just as important as to cure him when he's ill. These reforms of hers bore quick fruit, for from 1854, the year when the Crimean War began, to 1861, the army death rate was cut in ha'f.

All this had its effect on the nursing of the day.

She organized a health crusade in Buckinghamshire, which sounds very much like our health crusades of to-day. Teachers went from cottage to cottage, giving practical advice about ventilation—Florence Nightingale was a fresh air fiend—and disinfectants and cleanliness. In 1860, she founded her School for Nurses, that institution which was to turn out the trained nurses of which she had dreamt in her youth.

"Such a head!" said Queen Victoria. "I wish we had her at the War Office."

Such a head. Yes! And behind it such a tremendous will power, forgetful of self, forgetful of tradition, driving on, on, on, towards the desired goal. What matter if it drove her to her death? It is only through work that things are done in this world! And Florence Nightingale was no shirker. Her heart burned with the flame of service; her mind was alight with ways of service. She was out to do things. And she did them!

"It must be done!" And it was done.

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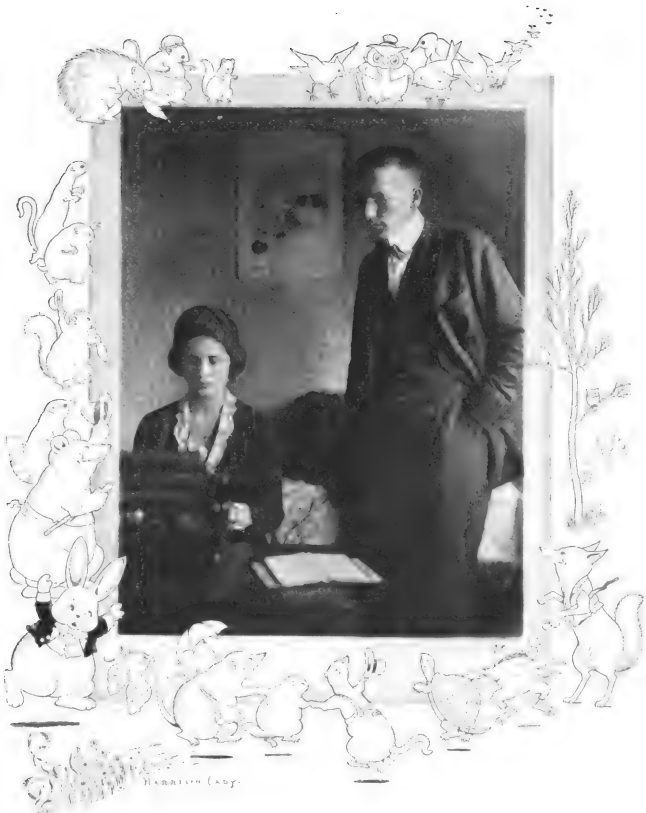

THORNTON W. BURGESS

Here is a scene in Thornton W. Burgess' home in Springfield, Mass. Mr Burgess dictates all of his stories to his daughter who takes them down on the typewriter. The animals in the border are the portraits of his characters as drawn by Harrison Cady, who has had no small part in the rise of Mr. Burgess to his position of idol of present-day childhood

THE BEDTIME STORY MAN

He knows and loves children and is on intimate terms with the creatures of meadow, farm and mountain

By William G. Shepherd

WHO would have thought that I could get interested in a toad's troubles? And yet the other evening I sat in a New York hotel and listened to a story about a toad that I'll never forget.

It was told in a drawling New England voice.

"Up in our part of the country," went the story, "a farmer dug a hole out in his yard for a certain purpose. It was about four feet deep and six feet wide. His wife, a kind-hearted woman, said to her husband, 'Some wild things 'll be falling into that hole if you don't look out. You'd better take a look into it, now and then, and lift 'em out.'

"Sure enough, the next morning there was a little field mouse in the hole. The farmer put a stick into the hole and the mouse ran up it and got away."

Yes, friend reader, I know it sounds like a kid story! But the man who was telling it to me, was speaking with enthusiasm; he was telling me of the doings of folks of another world than ours, and I knew he spoke with authority.

"The next morning there was nothing in the pit but, on its side, some distance from the bottom, was a hole as big as a half dollar. The next morning, there was a hole nearer the top, about the same size. The farmer and his wife puzzled over the holes. More appeared, in time, and one morning the farmer dropped a little stone into the top hole. It came tumbling out at the bottom. All the holes were connected.

"Those good folks kept their eyes on the holes and finally, one day, they saw a fat little toad come to one of the holes and sit himself down in the opening like a man sitting in the doorway of his own house.

"It was a toad who had made those holes. A toad is an engineer, always. This fellow had fallen into the hole and had immediately began to tunnel his way out. He always dug upward. His tunnel passed in a spiral around the hole, at least once. Every now and then, he would tunnel out to the fresh air where he could catch flies. It took him ten days to get out of that hole but he did it."

PETER RABBIT ENTERS RED CROSS SERVICE

Thornton W. Burgess begins a special series of stories on Peter Rabbit, in the June Number. They are illustrated by Harrison Cady who has made the pictures for all the Bedtime stories and is himself a lover of outdoor life. You will be surprised to see how these stories, true to the life of birds and animals, nevertheless carry with them all the implications of human life and the truths back of our relations with each other.

As I listened to this story, I found that all the boy that was left in me was going out to the story-teller. I'd have been ashamed if it hadn't. And I wouldn't have trusted anyone who wasn't interested in that yarn, the way this American told it. And the story-teller has thousands of stories like this one. I listened to scores of them that evening; and, at the same time, in the United States and Canada, some 5,000,000 children, who had coaxed part of the evening paper away from Dad, were reading one of the same man's tales.

IF you're old, with all the kid gone out of you, or if you do not interest yourself in the children about you, you won't know this man's name, and when I tell you that it is Thornton W. Burgess, my statement will leave you cold. But there are millions of us in the United States who do know him. If the children could have a candidate for the Presidency he would be Thornton W. Burgess; and, if you knew him and his stories of the other world in which he lives, all the boy or girl in you would want to vote with the children.

I've had plenty of opportunities, in my time, to see foreign parts and to talk with men from strange lands, but when I sit down with Thornton Burgess, I feel that I am facing an ambassador from one of the happiest and pleasantest other worlds with which we human beings can ever come in contact.

The world of wild life is Burgess' domain. He knows it as a Chinaman knows China, or as a Londoner knows London. When you and I, and other mortals of the tame world, go into the woods, we see the trees and the leaves and the sunshine and feel like writing poetry about them. But Burgess knows that every nook and cranny is filled with bright eyes, looking his way; twitching nostrils and tiny nerves that carry messages to small brains are at work in every square foot of the forest floor and in every cluster of leaves. Everywhere about him, he knows that our coming has caused a tumult of excitement in a world that you and I do not see.

And the splendid part of it all is that Burgess can't keep still about what he knows. Within the past ten years, in the United States, he has found his way into the hearts and minds of millions and millions of American children. He is with them in their nurseries and school rooms and his Bedtime stories help them to go to sleep in a world of wonder. One million of his books have been sold; he has written twenty-eight. Three-quarters of a million of his books will be printed this year. He tells his stories on phonograph records. His characters are shown in the movies. We old folks shift our literary favorites; in the children's world, there's a loyalty upon which a writer can stake his life. Look at "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Mother Goose" and "Robinson Crusoe." Who ever heard any real children say that they were old-fashioned or out-of-date or that someone had gone and written something better? Why, no one! And now Burgess, the ambassador from the world of wild life, has slipped into the hearts of the children beside the author of "Mother Goose" and the other immortals and the fanciest literary people we'll ever have in America won't be able to crowd him out.

Burgess has captured the hearts of our American children with true stories. Whoever wrote "Jack and the Bean Stalk" would never have got a medal from a scientific society for sticking to agricultural and biological facts. But, not long ago, Thornton W. Burgess was called down to New York from his little home in Springfield, Massachusetts, by a body of scientific men who are gathered together under the name of "The Zoological Society." These men know the last word about the world of wild life. William T. Hornaday, director of the society, made Mr. Burgess stand up before all the scientists and pinned a medal on him, for distinguished services in the protection of wild life.

"Any man who can find his way into the hearts of a million children is a genius," Mr. Hornaday said. "If he carries a message of truth he is a benefactor. Thornton Burgess is both."

Burgess' life is a splendid example of the fact that, here in America, a good American with something on his mind and heart, can always get a hearing and a reward for his message.

Up in Sandwich, a little town on Cape Cod, forty-six years ago, Burgess lived with his widowed mother. Money was scarce in that household. School clothes didn't come easily; neither did school books. From his very first days, Burgess turned to the outdoors for comfort and help. He used to find and sell the first wild flowers that came up through the snow in Cape Cod. When arbutus-time came around he had the earliest and finest blossoms to sell at the doors of the rich folks or down at the railroad station. If there was a single trout in the streams, Burgess knew where it was and could get it. He used to go into the hills alone, even as a boy, so that he could look around in quiet, and see what was going on in the world of wild life. It was a pleasanter world for him, in those days, than his own; for, in that world, no one seemed to worry, everyone seemed to have enough to eat, and he found contentment and happiness in all the little folks that he came to know.

"I often wished in those days that I was one of 'em," he told me, one day.

BUT the clutch of his own world was put on him at last, as it finally is on everyone of us. He was sent to a business college in Boston to learn how to keep books, and how to make figures show how much money someone was piling up.

"Whew! How I hated it!" he says to-day. "The outdoors was always calling me. The outdoors was the real world to me; the business world was the makebelieve."

For two years, after he had finished his business course, he worked with a firm in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"I wasn't happy one minute of those two terrible years, because I couldn't be outdoors enough. The wild things were always calling me and I couldn't go to them."

Before long he was almost whipped. He had married a fine New England girl and had found a position in a magazine office at Springfield. His home was happy but his wages were low, ten dollars a week, at first—and he was having a hard time making both ends meet. He worked like a madman in the office; he was office boy, in the beginning, and general factotum; then, as time went by, he was called upon to write advertisements and little articles about things that, in no way, really interested

Thornton W. Burgess, in Kansas City, talking Farmer Brown's Boy and Happy Jack three million acres of land in order to preserve

Thornton Burgess (right) Harrison Cady (left) in their beloved outdoor world discussing a picture of Peter Rabbit

to a great assemblage of children, all of them eager to hear and see the man who has given them Peter Rabbit, Squirrel. Mr. Burgess exerts an immense influence through his stories. (Poster and Button at left.) The posting of bird life, and the starting of hundreds of Thrift Clubs through Happy Jack Squirrel, are among his achievements

him. Just when he was struggling his hardest, trying to see the way toward a brighter future for himself and his young wife, she died. But, in dying, she brought into the world a blue-eyed boy baby.

We shall have to thank this blue-eyed baby for the stories we have since had from Burgess, but more of that later. For fifteen years, he toiled in that magazine office, and then, one Monday morning, he found a notice on his desk, saying that, after two weeks, his services would be no longer required, because the magazine had been sold. By this time, he had married again and had his wife, with her daughter, his aged mother and his son to support.

"But if that hadn't happened to me," said Burgess with his slow New England drawl, "I never would have had the chance to write what I wanted to write. I'd have slaved along the rest of my life, only half-happy."

Burgess tried his hand at various things in those days in 1911, writing advertisements and selling an occasional story for ridiculously small prices.

BUT one thing he had kept up through all the dull years that was good and fine; that was the custom of telling a good-night story to the blue-eyed boy. It was always a story about the little folks who live outdoors in the world of wild life. In all those stories, there was "Peter Rabbit" and "Reddy Fox" and "Unc' Billy Possum" and "Jerry Muskrat" and "Old Man Coyote" and "Mother West Wind" and many other folks whom the millions of American children now know through Burgess' widely published "Bed-Time Stories." A clever daddy was Thornton Burgess. He didn't preach and scold. If he saw there was anything that ought to be told to his boy, he let "Peter Rabbit," or "Old Man Coyote," tell it, at bed time.

"Reddy Fox" or "Jerry Muskrat" could tell a fellow WHY he shouldn't do a thing or why he SHOULD do it, much better, it would seem, than a fellow's own dad; at least, a fellow always remembered what they said, long after he had forgotten what dad had told him.

One time the boy went away on a visit to Chicago; he went with the understanding that his communications with "Peter Rabbit" and the rest of his friends should not be cut off. The father made a promise that he would write a story every day and send it by mail to be read at bed time. These stories were about Mother West Wind —what she saw, as she went about, and what she thought of a lot of things.

IN a magazine office, one day, an advertising man, a friend of Burgess, read those stories. He turned them over to a publisher and, within a few days, the publisher said he wanted them for a book.

"I never thought of having them published," said Burgess. "They were written for my son."

The book went well and the publisher soon wanted another like it.

"I've written or told my last animal story," said Burgess, "I haven't got another one in me."

"Please try some more," said the publisher. "We've struck a new lead."

The next book went better. Then a newspaper syndicate got hold of some of the stories. A magazine asked Burgess to write a monthly article on outdoor life.

Before long, Burgess began to discover that the world was filling up with friends. His letters were too many to answer. Children wanted to know more about "Peter Rabbit" and they said "Farmer Brown's Boy" was a fellow with whom they wanted to get better acquainted. Older boys and girls wrote to him and said that the "Bed-Time Stories," they found in their newspapers every night, were mighty good to go to bed on; they gave you something happy to think about. Some read them before they read the rest of the news in the paper, just to prove to themselves that there was another world besides the topsyturvy one they lived in; others read them after they had read the paper, to add a touch of sunshine to the news.

IT wasn't very long before Burgess' financial worries were over. That was what he had been aiming at and as soon as he was safely fixed, he began to devise schemes for helping the little folks in the wild world; his little friends who had comforted him in the woods when things looked dark.

He devised the "Sanctuary" plan for birds. The scheme has been under way only three years, but to-day, by means of it, there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in the United States where a bird's life is as safe from boys or hunters as a babe in its mother's arms.

Burgess has accomplished this through what he calls the Green Meadow Club, which began among the readers of a magazine for which he wrote regular articles. America was knee-deep in war savings, when the plan went into effect. Burgess turned to his wild world during the war to discover what help the little folks could give America. He soon learned that their aid would be vast, if we enlisted it.

"The birds kill the insects that destroy our growing food," declared Burgess. "We must help the birds."

SCIENTISTS took Burgess' plan as an inspiration. Government officials saw the value of birds so clearly that Herbert Hoover issued an appeal for the protection of bird life. Through the Green Meadow Club of magazine readers, Burgess set forth his ideas and asked for volunteers who would get land owners to pledge their land as bird sanctuaries.

The reply was immediate. Landowners in every State in the Union, and in Canada, began to sign the declaration that they would permit no hunting of birds on their land, and a sign, on strong linen, was sent to pledge-givers to be tacked up on their premises.

The end of the war did not see the end of the "Sanctuary" plan. The enlistment of the friends of birds among land owners is continuing to this day and will not cease. In the United

(*Continued on page 71*)

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BORROWING ON CHARACTER

And what it may mean to you

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Drawings by F. G. Cooper

THE late J. Pierpont Morgan, dominant and therefore ever irked by restraint, tapped his foot impatiently one day as he sat and glowered in a Washington committee room. He was waiting the beginning of a day of quizzing by counsel to the Pujo Committee.

"Mr. Morgan," a famous lawyer started in suavely, "is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?" The questioner waited at ease for the answer that obviously must be in the affirmative.

"It is not!" brusquely rumbled the deep-voiced financier in prompt reply. "The first thing credit is based upon is character."

Whatever the eminent financier may have thought about taking his generality literally and putting it into practice, the fact remains that about the time he was delivering his dictum in Washington, a callow student of economics living a few miles south of the national capital was perfecting a plan to demonstrate with striking concreteness the eternal truth of the reply. And to-day, as these lines are being read, a series of joyous decennial celebrations are being held all over the United States in scores upon scores of unpretentious but rock-ribbed banks where, thanks to the vision and energy of the one-time callow economist, loans running into the tens of millions annually are being made to penniless borrowers whose only assets are wage-earning capacity and honor.

For it was on a day which, appropriately, marked the beginning of Spring that a young Virginia lawyer named Arthur J. Morris opened in his home city of Norfolk, just ten years ago, a bank where the poor might secure the financial help which spelled renewal of hope in their troubled hearts. It was not the result, that first bank wasn't, of sudden inspiration. The first Morris Plan bank at Norfolk came into being and the idea spread with a speed and success so glorious, only because the founder of the idea had for years been personally, subjectively, submitting himself to a tremendous amount of Pujo-ing day and night. He had begun to wrestle with the big idea struggling within him while he was yet a callow student of still more callow economics at the University of Virginia.

"Why is it," he would ask himself daily as he paced the campus, "that the laborer, the clerk, all the people of small means who compose three-quarters of the population of America, have no way of borrowing necessary funds at a low interest rate? Why is it that only the 'propertied' minority is accorded this boon by the banks?

"Why should bank loans be the accepted, the respectable day-in-and-day-out procedure among men of means in conducting their business, and why should borrowing among the poor always be associated with loan-sharks, usury, dingy pawn-shops, degradation? Why *must* the poor in need of funds pawn necessaries or be swallowed body and soul by the loan-sharks? Haven't the poor, the men and women of small means, some unrecognized asset that will secure a loan in a bank?"

They had and have. Just as the poor vastly outnumber the rich, so do the youths and maids and men and women of worthwhile character, all the good people of this sometimes sick and silly but congenitally right old land, immeasurably outnumber the bad people. Wherefore it happens that there is gayety and joy as office forces and patrons of Morris Plan banks—now dotting the nation from Down East to Out West and from pine trees to palms—whoop things up during the tenth anniversary exercises in celebration of young Mr. Morris' initial demonstration of his old-new belief that the great majority, the poor, are richly endowed with "the first thing credit is based upon," or innate decency.

THE last ten years have seen the successful launching of Morris Plan banks in more than one hundred cities and towns of the United States, banks where the poor but earnest youngster, the careworn and worried father or mother, the troubled young married couple, the distracted widow, the sick and bereaved and hopeless may enter and find, not charity, but financial help, proffered to them on strictly business principles. There they enter and tell the banker their troubles across the counter; they deposit with him only their word of honor; out into the street again they come, their heads held high, their hearts once more singing as they grasp that in an instant they have regained what a moment before they had thought was gone from their lives forever—a world of sunshine and

song birds and all that great calm peace and sweet content which is best brought to a sick heart by the sudden and unexpected application of a poultice of real money bound securely to the person in the vicinity of the breast pocket.

"I'M broke — busted — flat!" gasps white-faced youth or maid, man or mother, over the counter of one of these banks. "Worse, I owe a lot. I went to the loan-sharks in desperation and now they are strangling me. I'm through! God help me—for nights I haven't slept. I haven't a square foot of property, no bank account, no insurance to borrow on; nothing but a debt that gets bigger every day. And I *must* have money or I'll—I'll—"

"You'll not do anything of the kind, young man. Who'd pay the undertaker, if you did? Don't be an ass, a quitter. If you—"

"But what else can I—"

"Now hush a minute and listen. How are you going to wipe out your honest debts by smashing at one clip the two great assets you do own? I mean your evident will to pay your debts, or your character, and, secondly, that very real financial asset known as labor, or your wage-earning powers. Why didn't you come here in the first place? Here—pull up a chair, lad, and let's straighten this thing out. Come now, how much do you want?"

In the course of the present decennial year celebration of the founding of the original little bank in Virginia, an army of poor borrowers more than 300,000 strong will thus secure loans and so will have happiness, many of them life itself, saved to them in at least one hundred and five communities in America. I am careful to say "at least" that many: there is no telling how many more branches may leap into existence before a new year rolls into view—even before these lines appear in type.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to mention that more than one-third of the whole amount lent on the Morris Plan during the past ten years—$54,000,000 out of a total of $155,000,000—reached the pockets of wage-earners, small salaried men and women, and firms and corporations operating on a modest scale, in a single twelve-month—the year 1919.

THESE banks, now that they have begun to hit on all twelve cylinders, have a habit of scooting into a town over night and staying in Main Street permanently. Also, as the number of banks grow, so, too, do correlative ideas spring up in the minds of Mr. Morris and his business associates, all of which are practically developed along the lines that gave birth to his original banking idea. The spread of the banks, for instance, naturally was followed by the incorporation of a national directing company—the Industrial Finance Corporation—to act as organizer and a sort of wise and kindly old mother who lives in a shoe and has many banks but knows exactly what to do! Next, it occurred to the Morris financiers to organize the Morris Plan Insurance Society, which protects the borrower's dependents and co-makers of his note from loss in case the borrower dies before he has repaid his loan to the bank. And, most recently, the guiding spirits of the whole idea have perfected and put into operation a "retail trade acceptances" plan whereby the Newlyweds, the struggling young garage owner, the young dentist, any-one of limited means, may buy household furnishings, tools, typewriters, baby carriages, technical instruments, machines, almost any *necessary* bit of merchandise, on a "time payment plan at cash prices"—in other words may buy what they need in reputable local stores run on a cash system and pay for the goods on what amounts to the instalment plan, or without being subjected to the excessive prices which the "Easy Payment Credit Store" usually charges.

IN staking his all upon a belief in human decency, Mr. Morris was but a bit wiser and braver than his generation. He early found out, as his many followers are continuing to learn daily, that when he made a guess that a given applicant for a loan would repay the money in full, his guess was almost invariably right. On all the loans made, amounting to many millions of dollars annually and secured only by the abstractions known as honor and earning capacity, the losses are less than one-tenth of one per cent.

"Guess" does not, however, precisely describe what happens when the borrower gets help in a Morris Plan bank. The banker, who necessarily is first and last a business man, must place method before guesswork or sentiment. To show exactly how and why he makes a loan, let us take from the tens of thousands of concrete cases at hand the instance of a real girl—a young woman who lived with her aged mother, whom she supported, in a great American city, the mother and daughter being housed in one of those city flats that fit tightly across the shoulders. They hated it. They longed for a home in the country. "A young woman I know," the girl began timidly as her

Property isn't the only stuff in the world on which to borrow money. You may have some good stuff in your character as well

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turn came to tell her troubles and hopes to the man behind the wicket of the little bank, "tells me that you lent me some money here to pay her bill at a department store. I—we—my mother and I—we thought that maybe—maybe—"

She found herself invited inside the railing. Her first venture in "high finance" had begun. The banker to whom she talked had time only for quick, concise questions and business-like explanations; nevertheless sentiment, emotion, had a part in the transaction also, as always; the emotionalism being supplied altogether by the girl as she made fervent answer to that all-important question which is sure to be asked in all Morris Plan banks early in the proceedings: "*Why* do you want to borrow money?"

A REAL home, trees, flowers, singing birds, sunny air, happiness—that was why. There was a little stucco bungalow in a pretty suburb, the girl explained, only two blocks from an "L" station, forty-five minutes or less from her city job and—

One minute; how much did the job pay her a week? Thirty-five dollars. If, in order to enable her to make an initial payment on the bungalow, the Morris bank lent her $400 at 6 per cent interest, could she repay the loan within a year—paying $8 a week for fifty weeks—and at the same time keep up her payments on the bungalow while supporting herself and mother? She could do better than that, she answered. She and her mother had figured out to the dollar the earning powers of the greatly-desired bungalow. There were extra bedrooms in the little house, the rent from which would more than suffice each month to pay the instalments due the real-estate man, leaving the girl's weekly wages intact for living expenses and repayment of the bank loan.

Good! And within a few minutes the banking man had made clear to her the method by which loans were made, not only to "unsecured" but forehanded patrons like herself, but also to the countless men and women who, in the past, may have weakly contracted foolish debts, but had learned their lesson and wished to wipe the slate clean.

"We do not lend money to those who will spend it foolishly or extravagantly," is the way he explained the bank's methods, "although we are always ready to aid those who have been financially unwise in the past and are now ready to pitch in and try to straighten their affairs.

"Your reason for asking a loan is admirable. We first, however, must make an investigation regarding your honesty and earning capacity, as well as the honesty and earning powers of two of your friends. A trifling fee will be charged against you here for the investigation. The two friends you name must sign the promissory note with you, taking upon themselves the responsibility of repaying us the loan in case you fail to do so. Now, don't let that alarm you. Your two friends need not be persons of property. The least of the troubles of our borrowers is to find two fellow-workers or other friends willing to act as co-makers of their notes. It costs them nothing but the time it takes them to sign their names and answer a few questions which we shall put to us and to them.

"When we have satisfied ourselves about you we hand you $400 in cash, less interest for one year at six per cent, which we deduct in advance, you and your two friends signing a promise that you will pay us back the $400 at the rate of a dollar a week on each fifty dollars you owe us; that is, you will come here each week for fifty successive weeks and give us eight dollars. All clear and simple enough, isn't it? Good. That's all for the present."

To-day, that girl and her mother live in a delightful little bungalow that stands on a rug of real green grass, splashed with roses and bordered with hollyhocks in the summertime. A tiny patch of old Mother Earth, but their own!

BECAUSE I have stressed here the rapidity of growth of this plan of helpful finance, it must not be supposed that the business path of young Mr. Morris was flower strewn along its starting stretch. As in the case of most new ideas, especially new financial ideas, the system was just beginning to draw first breaths when it met with opposition. Needless to say, the first to jump at the throat of the infant banking idea, trying viciously to strangle it at birth, was the two-legged sociological plague known as the loan-shark. The loan-shark, lending at interest ranging from forty to seven hundred per cent; preferring always that his victim shall never repay the loan—so long as he hands over to the shark usurious interest amounting often to two-thirds of the borrower's weekly wages; paying his victim a small fee for every other "client" the victim will bring to him—the loan-shark instantly sensed that this young Virginian was out to give battle to the whole loan-shark industry.

AND Mr. Morris was, and is. The loan-shark ghoul played a big part in the Morris thoughts from the earliest days of the Virginia lawyer's economic studies. To-day the Morris Plan bank anywhere is a much bigger bugaboo to the local loan-shark gentry than is the law. It is not only possible but a common thing for even the loan-shark to get around laws that were enacted solely to enmesh him; the loan-shark himself admits, however, that no one is fool enough to borrow money from him at interest of one hundred or more per cent after learning that around the corner in Main Street they lend to the needy at the legal rate. And the loan-shark, therefore, early and loudly opposed the Morris Plan, disseminating his vituperation by methods one would expect the loan-shark to adopt—the sending of anonymous letters filled with vile personal attacks upon Mr. Morris and his colleagues, sticking unsigned leaflets and pamphlets under doors, screeds that hysterically insisted that everybody and everything connected with the new idea was crooked.

Rebuffs came also to Mr. Morris in the beginning from sources immensely more respectable. When he came to Manhattan less than six years ago, for instance, to try to repeat in New York City what already had been begun at Norfolk, Atlanta and other cities, his idea was received coldly, with doubtful looks, often with frowns, on the part of the foremost financial men of Wall Street, of the world. New York lawyers treated him even more roughly. They showed him flatly that the banking laws of the State made it impossible to open and operate a Morris Plan bank inside New York State.

Whereupon, Mr. Morris promptly trekked to Albany. He knew not one Albany legislator. He was friendless, alone. Nevertheless, by the end of young Mr. Morris' third week in the State capital, he had so spread the light that the New York Senate and Assembly amended the Bank Act to the extent of admitting this new idea into the protecting fold of the banking laws of the State.

BACK to Manhattan came Mr. Morris and opened an unpretentious office. His capital was a meager $100,000, his offices and working force unpretentious to the point of humble timidity. The opening was not advertised, not even

ARTHUR MORRIS' IDEA

HERE is a remarkable story of the growth of one man's idea and what it has contributed in terms of human happiness to a better America. It is the story of a great business which loans millions of dollars every year solely on a belief in the value of a man's word. No matter how you look at life, there is no better basis for existence than simple honesty. If you wish to borrow money and your reason is honorable, this article may be of practical assistance to you.

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Many a young couple starting out in life is unaware what an asset good character is. It is more negotiable to-day than ever

announced in the New York newspapers.

In some way or other, however, eighty-three potential customers heard about this weird new institution and on the opening day came to ask for loans. Three days later, a Yiddish daily paper published a long news "story" about the strange little bank founded on the integrity of labor. And less than two weeks after the door had been opened the distracted little office force was calling upon the Police Department of the City of New York for aid in keeping the thousand or more customers in line. Also, at the threshold of a suite of vastly more pretentious banking offices on the ground floor of the building housing the Morris Plan Bank, the perfect doorman—perfect to a degree found only in English butlers, Fifth Avenue head waiters and banking house menials in the Wall Street district—daily was finding it necessary to insist through the garlic fumes with almost ill-bred vehemence that some mistake had been made.

"Evidently you have been misdirected, my good man"—the "e" in "been" being pronounced as in Boston. "The new—er—'bank' you are looking for is on an upper floor, I believe." And always the perfect doorman concluded in tones at once reverent and withering, "*These*, sir, are the offices of Kuhn, Loeb and Company!"

WITHIN a week, the *Army and Navy Journal* had told its readers of the new little bank in lower Manhattan. Active and retired Army and Navy officers began to touch elbows with the East Side along the waiting queue. Policemen, firemen, civil service employees and other men and women on the payroll of city, State and Nation fell in line.

THE "social" tone of the queue was picking up. Perhaps haughty doormen in nearby banks still refused to unbend—but their bosses weren't so offish. It is only five years—December 31, 1914—since the then friendless Morris Plan Company of New York opened its doors. Glance to-day over its long list of officers and directors: "Chairman of the Board, Henry R. Towne," one reads. Yep, the same Mr. Towne whose multifarious financial activities include the chairmanship of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company's Board, former directorship in the New York Federal Reserve Bank and innumerable other interests in the richest nation's wealthiest enterprises. "Treasurer, Charles H. Sabin." You said it; the same Mr. Sabin who directs the destinies also of the Guaranty Trust Company. General Coleman du Pont, President Baldwin of the Otis Elevator Company, Sam A. Lewisohn, John Markle, George F. Canfield, R. T. H. Halsey, a Governor of the New York Stock Exchange; John H. Fulton, Vice-President of the National City Bank; so runs on and on the long list of directors of the recently so humble little bank in Manhattan. Evidently, however, the bigwigs of finance haven't shouldered Mr. Morris aside in the scramble to embrace his idea in the Wall Street neighborhood; he still seems to have a coat hook and desk room in the New York office; for down among the M's, one notes the item, "Morris, Arthur J.; President of the Morris Plan Company of New York; Founder of the Morris Plan; Vice-President and General Counsel to the Industrial Finance Corporation"—and then some.

I cannot say, of course, just how far sentiment, altruism, entered into the early ratiocinations of Student Morris back in the days when he began to grope about for a practical solution of the problem of making bank loans to the poor. Sentiment must have played a part in his thoughts, perhaps even had a place in the mind workings of Wall Street men when they later espoused the Morris Plan of lending; for the modern Midas who is all head and no heart exists chiefly in the imaginations of movie scenario writers and in that part of the anatomy of soapbox orators which physically corresponds to the human brain.

IT is certain, however, that sentimentality, even sentiment, had or has no part in Morris Plan banking methods. In one hundred and five American cities are, at this writing, one hundred and three Morris Plan banks—not a "chain" of banks: each is a strictly local institution except that the parent company supplies the idea and purchases some of the stock—each being conducted along lines that have nothing in common with charitable in-

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stitutions. The local Morris Plan bank differs from the other banks in a given town chiefly in that it does not accept deposits, and is unique in that it considers honesty and industry concrete security when making a loan.

Five years ago, the average loan was slightly more than $100. Now it is more than $200. The loan may be $500, $1,000, whatever amount the borrower wants, provided always that the banker has satisfied himself that the applicant can repay the amount and *needs it*. No more and no less. And in tens of thousands of cases the needy borrower, even the spendthrift—now reformed—the loan-shark victim, the financially thoughtless, receive from the banks, not only funds to tide them over, but for the first time in their lives are inoculated with the desire to save.

THE process of returning the loan to a Morris Plan bank, at the rate of a dollar a week for each fifty dollars borrowed, has a little technical twist to it which subtly suggests to the borrower that he become an investor in interest paying securities. Let me explain—let me quote briefly, rather, the simple explanation which the manager made to the girl who bought the bungalow when the loan of $400 was handed to her.

"To-day, when we lend you this $400, Miss Blank," he said "we simultaneously issue in your name an investment certificate for $400, or the amount of the loan. This certificate of investment, you hypothecate—we retain physical possession of it, I mean—during the fifty weeks in which you are paying back the $400. The $8 you give us each week really goes to pay for the investment certificate. At the end of the fiftieth week, the investment certificate, now paid for in full, is yours. Two weeks later your note falls due, whereupon you may hand us your investment certificate, thus wiping out your debt, or you may give us $400 in cash to pay the debt and keep your certificate as an interest-bearing investment. Also, you may, at any time, buy another, as many as you can afford, of these certificates, paying for them either cash down or on the instalment plan. One does not even have to be a borrower to come in here and buy these certificates as an investment. And many a patron who first comes to us as a borrower soon learns to become an investor in these interest-bearing certificates."

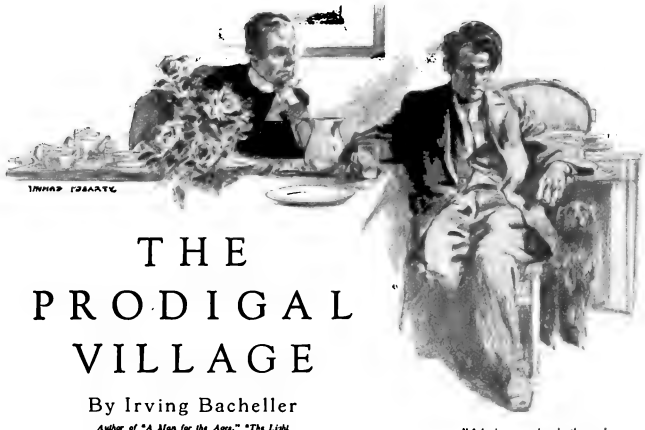
At the close of the year 1919, the New York company (which in twelve months had lent over $7,250,000) had $1,500,000 worth of these certificates outstanding—a prior lien on all its assets. And now, arrangements have been made with a great New York trust company for the issue by the Industrial Finance Corporation of "The Morris Plan National Trust Certificate," backed by the credit of local companies and of the parent Corporation, and bearing interest at 5 per cent from the day of purchase.

IN the beginning of the growth of the Morris Plan system of borrowing, the needy occasionally may have had some slight difficulty in finding two sponsors willing to lend their signatures to the promissory note, owing chiefly to a fear that the borrower would die before payments had been completed. Such difficulties, however, were rarely encountered. To-day, there is no such deterrent, thanks to the institution known as The Morris Plan Insurance Society. Mr. Morris and his associates know from their mortality tables that out of a total of 300,000 borrowers a year an average of nine will die each day, or about 3,300 annually. Hence the development of the insurance plan, wherein policies are issued at trifling cost.

A man borrowing, say $100, insures his loan for $100, paying for the policy less than a cent a day. Let us suppose the borrower dies after paying back only $20 of the $100 borrowed. Immediately, The Morris Plan Insurance Society pays the bank the $80 still due on the loan and gives what remains of the insurance, or $20, to the deceased borrower's heirs or estate.

THAT working girl who secured for herself the bungalow and plot of lawn in a pretty suburb of a city a few years ago could to-day, if she so desired, secure aid in furnishing her new house. The "Morris Plan of Retail Trade Acceptances" means that Morris Plan banks in scores of communities have entered into arrangements with reliable local merchants whereby customers may purchase *necessary* goods at cash prices on time payments. The customer selects his goods in one of these shops and makes a cash payment according to his means. Immediately, the merchant delivers the goods at the customer's house. And now the bank takes complete (*Continued on page 73.*)

Few things are more terrible than being in debt. The day of the loan shark, however, is rapidly passing



THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping up with Lizzie," etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

"A bad woman breaks the works in a man," said the drunkard, "and stops his clock dead"

CHAPTER TWO

(Continued)

NOW all this would seem to have been in itself a matter of slight importance. But Orville Gates, the Superintendent of the mill, and John Seaver, Attorney at law, and Robert Brown, the Grocer, and Pendelton Ames, who kept the book and stationery store, and William Ferguson, the Clothier, and Darwin Sill, the Butcher, and Snodgrass, the Carpenter, and others had joined the picnic caravan led by the millionaire. These good people would not have admitted it, but the truth is J. Patterson Bing held them all in the hollow of his hand. Nobody outside his own family had any affection for him. Outwardly, he was as hard as nails. But he owned the bank and controlled credits and was an extravagant buyer. He had given freely for the improvement of the village and the neighboring city of Hazelmeat. His family was the court circle of Bingville. Consciously or unconsciously, the best people imitated the Bings.

Judge Crooker was, one day, discussing with a friend the social conditions of Bingville. In regard to Picnic Sundays he made this remark: "George Meredith once wrote to his son that he would need the help of religion to get safely beyond the stormy passions of youth. It is very true!"

The historian was reminded of this saying by the undertow of the life currents in Bingville. The dances in the Normal School and in the homes of the well-to-do were imitations of the great party at J. Patterson Bing's. The costumes of certain of the young ladies were, to quote a clause from the posters of the Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, still clinging to the bill-board: "the most daring and amazing bareback performances in the history of the circus ring." Phyllis Bing, the unrivalled metropolitan performer, set the pace. It was distinctly too rapid for her followers. If one may say it kindly, she was as cold and heartless and beautiful in her act as a piece of bronze or Italian marble. She was not ashamed of herself. She did it as easily and gracefully and unconsciously and obligingly, so to speak, as if it were no trouble to show goods. It was not so with Vivian Mead and Frances Smith and Pauline Baker. They limped and struggled in their efforts to keep up. To begin with, the art of their modiste had been fussy, imitative and timid. It lacked the master touch. Their spirits were also improperly prepared for such publicity. They blushed and looked apologies and were visibly uncomfortable when they entered the dance-hall.

One of the most loved inhabitants of Bingville was Bob, the little crippled son of the Widow Moran, called by Judge Crooker, "The Little Shepherd of the Birds." He spent his days in one room, watching the birds in the big garden next door. His idol was J. Patterson Bing, the foremost citizen of the town; and it was the happiest moment of his life when Mrs. Bing promised to bring Mr. Bing to see him. But the great man did not come. He sent in his place a twenty-dollar gold piece. All Bingville, nevertheless, believed in J. Patterson Bing and everything he did. When he paid the increased war prices for servants and carpenters and plumbers, Bingville did likewise. When he and Mrs. Bing returned from New York and instituted house parties in place of Sunday church, Bingville followed. When Phyllis Bing came back from school and introduced the new dances, and the new evening gowns, Pauline Baker and the other Bingville girls imitated her, at first blushingly, then brazenly. In fact, the old simple spirit of Bingville was passing. In its place reigned a new god, a god with a little "g"

ON this point, Judge Crooker delivered a famous opinion. It was: "I feel sorry for those girls but their mothers ought to be spanked!"

There is evidence that this sentence of his was carried out in due time and in a most effectual manner. But the works of art which these mothers had put on exhibition at the Normal School sprang into overwhelming popularity with the young men

and their cards were quickly filled. In half an hour, they had ceased to blush. Their eyes no longer spoke apologies. They were new women. Their initiation was complete. They had become in the language of Judge Crooker, "perfect Phyllistines!"

The dancing tried to be as naughty as that remarkable Phyllistinian pastime at the mansion of the Bings and succeeded well, if not handsomely. The modern dances and dress were now definitely established in Bingville.

Just before the holidays, the extension of the ample home of the millionaire was decorated, furnished, and ready to be shown. Mrs. Bing and Phyllis who had been having a fling in New York came home for the holidays. John arrived the next day from the great Padelford School to be with the family through the winter recess. Mrs. Bing gave a tea to the ladies of Bingville. She wanted them to see the improvements and become aware of her good will. She had thought of an evening party, but there were many men in the village whom she didn't care to have in her house. So it became a tea.

THE women talked of leaking roofs and water pipes and useless bathrooms and outrageous costs. Phyllis sat in the Palm Room with the village girls. It happened that they talked mainly about their fathers. Some had complained of paternal strictness.

"Men are terrible! They make so much trouble," said Frances Smith. "It seems as if they hated to see anybody have a good time."

"Mother and I do as we please and say nothing," said Phyllis. "We never tell Father anything. Men don't understand."

Some of the girls smiled and looked into each other's eyes.

There had been a curious undercurrent in the party. It did not break the surface of the stream until Mrs. Bing asked Mrs. Pendleton Ames, "Where is Susan Baker?"

A silence fell upon the group around her.

Mrs. Ames leaned toward Mrs. Bing and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. I had to scold Susan Crowder and Martha Featherstraw as soon as I got here for neglecting their work and they've hardly spoken to me since. What is it?"

"Pauline Baker has run away with a drummer," Mrs. Ames whispered.

Mrs. Bing threw up both hands, opened her mouth and looked toward the ceiling.

"You don't mean it," she gasped.

"It's a fact. Susan told me. Mr. Baker doesn't know the truth yet and she don't dare to tell him. She's scared stiff. Pauline went over to Hazelmead last week to visit Emma Stacy against his wishes. She met the young man at a dance. Susan got a letter from Pauline last night making a clean breast of the matter. They are married and stopping at a hotel in New York."

"My Lord! I should think she would be scared stiff," said Mrs. Bing.

"I think there is a good reason for the stiffness of Susan," said Mrs. Singleton, the wife of the Congregational minister. "We know that Mr. Baker objected to these modern dances and the way that Pauline dressed. He used to say that it was walking on the edge of a precipice."

There was a breath of silence in which one could hear only a faint rustle like the stir of an invisible spirit.

Mrs. Bing sighed. "He may be all right," she said in a low, calm voice.

"But the indications are not favorable." Mrs. Singleton remarked.

The gossip ceased abruptly, for the girls were coming out of the Palm Room.

The next morning, Mrs. Bing went to see Susan Baker to offer sympathy and a helping hand. Mamie Bing was, after all, a good-hearted woman. By this time, Mr. Baker had been told. He had kicked a hole in the long looking-glass in Pauline's bed-room and flung a pot of rouge through the window and scattered talcum powder all over the place and torn a new silk gown into rags and burnt it in the kitchen stove and left the house slamming the door behind him. She had gone to bed and he had probably gone to the club or somewhere. Perhaps he would commit suicide. Of all this, it is enough to say that for some hours there was abundant occupation for the tender sympathies of Mrs. J. Patterson Bing. Before she left, Mr. Baker had returned for luncheon and seemed to be quite calm and self-possessed when he greeted her in the hall below stairs.

On entering her home, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bing received a letter from the hand of Martha.

"Phyllis told me to give you this as soon as you returned," said the girl.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Bing whispered to herself, as she tore open the envelope.

Her face grew pale and her hands trembled as she read the letter.

"*Dearest Mamma,*" it began. "I am going to Hazelmead for luncheon with Gordon King. I couldn't ask you because I didn't know where you were. We have waited an hour. I am sure you wouldn't want me to miss having a lovely time. I shall be home before five. Don't tell father! He hates Gordon so.

"*Phyllis.*"

THE boy who insulted her! My God!" Mrs. Bing exclaimed in a whisper. She ran toward the butler's pantry.

"Martha!" she called; Martha came.

"Tell James to bring the big car at once. I'm going to Hazelmead."

"Without luncheon?" the girl asked.

"Just give me a sandwich and I'll eat it in my hand."

They drove at top speed over the smooth, State road to the mill city. At half-past two, Mrs. Bing alighted at the fashionable Gray Goose Inn where the best people had their luncheon parties. She found Phyllis and Gordon in a cozy alcove, sipping cognac and smoking cigarettes, with an ice tub and a champagne bottle beside them. To tell the whole truth, it was a timely arrival. Phyllis, with no notion of the peril of it, was indeed having "a lovely time"—the time of her young life, in fact. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement. She was within one sip of a decision to let go.

Mrs. Bing was admirably cool. She sat down beside them and said, "My dear, I thought I would come and look you up. Is your luncheon finished?"

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Then let us go and get into the car. We'll drop Mr. King at his home."

When at last, they were seated in the limousine, the angry lady opened fire.

"I am astonished that you would go to luncheon with this young man who has insulted you," she said.

Phyllis began to cry.

Turning to young Gordon King, the indignant lady added: "I think you are a disreputable boy. You must never come to my house again—*never!*"

He made no answer and left the car without a word at the door of the King residence.

THERE were miles and miles of weeping on the way home. Phyllis had recovered her composure but began again when her mother remarked, "I wonder where you learned to drink champagne and cognac and smoke cigarettes." as if her own home had not been a perfect academy of dissipation. The girl sat in a corner, her eyes covered with her handkerchief and the only words she uttered on the way home were these, "Don't tell father!"

While this was happening, Mr. Baker confided his troubles to Judge Crooker in the latter's office. The Judge heard him through and then made another notable opinion, to wit: "There are many subjects on which the judgment of the average man is of little value, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be sound. Also there are many subjects on which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be unsound. I say this, after some forty years of observation."

"What is the reason?" Mr. Baker asked.

"Well, a daughter has to be prepared to deal with men," the Judge went on. "The masculine temperament is involved in all the critical problems of her life. Naturally, the average man is pretty well informed on the subject of men. You have prospered these late years. You have been so busy getting rich that you have neglected your duty at home."

"My wife would have her own way," said Baker.

"That doesn't alter the fact that you have neglected your duty. You have let things slide. You wore yourself out in this matter of money getting. You were tired when you got home at night—all in, as they say. The bank was the main thing with you. I

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Phyllis was indeed having a lovely time. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement

repeat that you let things slide at home and the longer they slide the faster they slide when they're going down hill. You can always count on that in a case of sliding. The young have a taste for velocity and often it comes so unaccountably fast that they don't know what to do with it, so they're apt to get their necks broken unless there's someone to put on the brakes."

Mr. Emanuel Baker arose and began to stride up and down the room.

"My God, Judge! I don't know what to do," he exclaimed.

"There's only one thing to do. Go and find the young people and give them your blessing. If you can discover a spark of manhood in the fellow, make the most of it. The chances are against that, but let us hope for the best. Above all I want you to be gentle with Pauline. You are more to blame than she is."

"I DON'T see how I can spare the time, but I'll have to," said Baker.

"Time! Fiddlesticks!" the Judge exclaimed. "What a darn fool money makes of a man! You have lost your sense of proportion, your appreciation of values. Bill Pritchard used to talk that way to me. He has been lying twenty years in his grave. He hadn't a minute to spare until one day he fell dead—then leisure and lots of leisure it would seem—and the business has doubled since he quit worrying about it. My friend, you cannot take a cent into Paradise, but the soul of Pauline is a different kind of property. It might be a help to you there. Give plenty of time to this job, and good luck to you."

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The spirit of the old, dead days spoke in the voice of the Judge—spoke with a kindly dignity. It had ever been the voice of Justice, tempered with Mercy—the most feared and respected voice in the upper counties. His grave, smooth-shaven face, his kindly gray eyes, his noble brow with its crown of white hair were fitting accessories of the throne of Justice and Mercy.

"I'll go this afternoon. Thank you, Judge!" said Baker, as he left the office.

PAULINE had announced in her letter that her husband's name was Herbert Middleton. Mr. Baker sent a telegram to Pauline to apprise her of his arrival in the morning. It was a fatherly message of love and good will. At the hotel in New York, Mr. Baker learned that Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had checked out the day before. Nobody could tell him where they had gone. One of the men at the porter's desk told of putting them in a taxicab with their grips and a steamer trunk soon after luncheon. He didn't know where they went. Mr. Baker's telegram was there unopened. He called at every hotel desk in the city, but he could get no trace of them. He telephoned to Mrs. Baker. She had heard nothing from Pauline. In despair, he went to the Police Department and told his story to the Chief.

"It looks as if there was something crooked about it," said the Chief. "There are many cases like this. The women seem to have gone crazy these days. Maybe it's the new dancing and the movies that are breaking down the morals of the little suburban towns or maybe it's the excitement of the war. Anyhow, they keep the city supplied with runaways and vamps. You are not the first anxious father I have seen to-day. You can go home. I'll put a man on the case and let you know what happens."

CHAPTER THREE

Which Tells of the Complaining Coin and the Man Who Lost His Self

THERE was a certain gold coin in a little bureau drawer in Bingville which began to form a habit of complaining to its master.

"How cold I am!" it seemed to say to the boy. "I was cold when you put me in here and I have been cold ever since. Br-r-r! I'm freezing."

It was just after the little Shepherd of the Birds had heard of a poor widow who was the mother of two small children and who had fallen sick of the influenza with no fuel in her house.

"I am cold, too!" said the Shepherd.

"Why, of course you are," the coin answered. "That's the reason I'm cold. A coin is never any warmer than the heart of its owner. Why don't you take me out of here and give me a chance to move around?"

Things that would not say a word to other boys often spoke to the Shepherd. Even the bed-posts, and the rubber tree, and the little pine bureau in the corner, and the round nickel clock, talked with him, now and then, as he lay looking at them before he got up in the morning. They talked in a friendly manner, too.

It was late in February and everyone was complaining of the cold. Even the oldest inhabitant of Bingville could not recall so severe a winter. Many families were short of fuel. The homes of the working folk were insufficiently heated. Money in the bank had given them a sense of security. They could not believe that its magic power would fail to buy them what they needed. So they had been careless of their allowance of wood and coal. There were days when they had none and could get none at the yard. Some of them took boards out of their barn floors and cut down shade trees and broke up the worst of their furniture to feed the kitchen stove in those days of famine. Some men with hundreds of dollars in the bank went out into the country at night and stole rails off the farmers' fences. The homes of these unfortunate people were ravaged by influenza and many died.

Prices at the stores mounted higher. Most of the gardens had been lying idle. The farmers had found it hard to get help. Some of the latter, indeed, had decided that they could make more by teaming at Millerton than by toiling in the fields, a man's effort. They make him bring you a big load of wood. left the boys and the women to do what they could with the crops. Naturally the latter were small. So the local sources of supply had little to offer and the demand upon the stores steadily increased. Certain of the merchants had been, in a way, spoiled by prosperity. They were rather indifferent to complaints and demands. Many of the storekeepers, irritated, doubtless, by overwork, had lost their former politeness. The two butchers, having prospered beyond their hopes, began to feel the need of rest. They cut down their hours of labor and reduced their stocks and raised their prices. There were days when their supplies failed to arrive. The railroad service had been bad enough in times of peace. Now, it was worse than ever.

THOSE who had plenty of money found it difficult to get a sufficient quantity of good food, Bingville being rather cut off from other centers of life by distance and a poor railroad. Some drove sixty miles to Hazelmead to do marketing for themselves and their neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing, however, in their luxurious apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, knew little of these conditions until Mr. Bing came up late in March for a talk with the mill superintendent. Many of the sick and the poor suffered extreme privation. Father O'Neil and the Reverend Otis Singleton of the Congregational Church went among the people, ministering to the sick, of whom there were very many, and giving counsel to men and women who were unaccustomed to prosperity and ill-qualified wisely to enjoy it. One day, Father O'Neil saw the Widow Moran coming into town with a great bundle of fagots on her back.

"This looks a little like the old country," he remarked.

She stopped and swung her fagots to the ground and announced: "It do that an' may the good God help us! It's hard times, Father. In spite o' all the money, it's hard times. It looks like there wasn't enough to go 'round—the ships be takin' so many things to the old country."

"How is my beloved Shepherd?" the good Father asked.

"Mother o' God! The house is that cold, he's been layin' abed for a week an' Judge Crooker has been away on the circuit."

"Too bad!" said the priest. "I've been so busy with the sick and the dying and the dead I have hardly had time to think of you."

Against her protest, he picked up the fagots and carried them on his own back to her kitchen.

He found the Shepherd in a sweater sitting up in bed and knitting socks.

"How is my dear boy?" the good Father asked.

"Very sad," said the Shepherd. "I want to do something to help and my legs are useless."

"Cheer up, boy. I'm going out to Dan Mullin's this afternoon and I'll

I'll have you back at your work tomorrow. The spring will be coming soon and your flock will be back in the garden."

IT was not easy to bring a smile to the face of the little Shepherd those days. A number of his friends had died and others were sick and he was helpless. Moreover, his mother had told him of the disappearance of Pauline and that her parents feared she was in great trouble. This had worried him, and the more because his mother had declared that the girl was probably worse than dead. He could not quite understand it and his happy spirit was clouded. The good Father cheered him with merry jests. Near the end of their talk the boy said: "There's one thing in this room that makes me unhappy. It's that gold piece in the drawer. It does nothing but lie there and shiver and talk to me. Seems as if it complained of the cold. It says that it wants to move around and get warm. Every time I hear of some poor person that needs food or fuel, it calls out to me there in the little drawer and says, 'How cold I am! How cold I am!' My mother wishes me to keep it for some time of trouble that may come to us, but I can't. It makes me unhappy. Please take it away and let it do what it can to keep the poor people warm."

"There's no worse company, these days, than a hoarded coin," said the priest. "I won't let it plague you any more."

Father O'Neil took the coin from the drawer. It fell from his fingers with a merry laugh as it bounded on the floor and whirled toward the doorway like one overjoyed and eager to be off.

"God bless you my boy! May it buy

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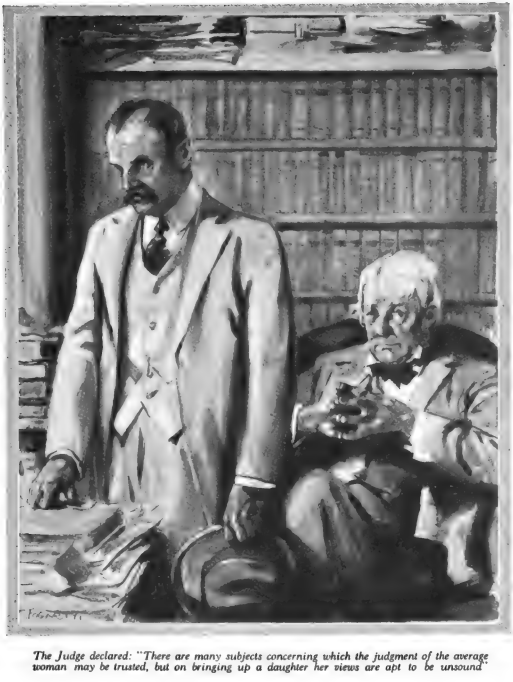

The Judge declared: "There are many subjects concerning which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but on bringing up a daughter her views are apt to be unsound."

for you the dearest wish of your heart."

That wish he would not have confided even to the priest, although he had a long talk to the rubber tree about it that very day.

Mr. Singleton called soon after Father O'Neil had gone away.

"The top of the morning to you!" he shouted, as he came into Bob's room.

"It's all right top and bottom," Bob answered cheerfully.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the minister went on. "I'm a regular Santa Claus this morning. I've got a thousand dollars that Mr. Bing sent me. It's for anyone that needs help."

"We'll be all right as soon as our load of wood comes. It will be here tomorrow morning," said the Shepherd.

"I'll come and cut and split it for you," the minister proposed. "The eloquence of the axe is better than that of the tongue these days. Meanwhile, I'm going to bring you a little jag in the my wheelbarrow. How about beefsteak and bacon and eggs and all that?"

"I guess we've got enough to eat, thank you!" This was not quite true, for Bob, thinking of the sick, whose people could not go to market, was inclined to hide his own hunger.

"All right. Good bye!" and with these words the minister hurried away on his errands of mercy and good will.

He had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when he met Hiram Blenkinsop, who was shivering along without an overcoat, the dog Christmas at his heels.

Mr. Singleton stopped him.

"Why man! Haven't you an overcoat?" he asked.

"No, sir! It's hangin' on a peg in a pawn shop over in Hazelmead. It ain't doin' the peg any good nor me neither!"

"Well, sir, you come with me," said the minister. "It's about dinner time, anyway, and I wouldn't wonder if a little lining would do you good."

The drunkard looked into the face of the minister.

"Say it ag'in," he muttered.

"I wouldn't wonder if a little food would make you feel better," Mr. Singleton added.

"A little, did ye say?" Blenkinsop asked.

"Make it a lot—as much as you can accommodate."

"And do ye mean that ye want me to go an' eat in yer house?"

"Yes, at my table—why not?"

"It wouldn't be respectable. But don't look as if ye knew me, mister, and I'll be on my best behavior. Come on."

The two men hastened up the street followed by the dejected, little yellow dog, Christmas.

Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were out with a committee of the Children's Helpers and the minister was dining alone that day and, as usual, at one o'clock, that being the hour for dinner in the village of Bingville.

"Tell me about yourself," said the minister as they sat down at the table.

"Myself—did you say?" Hiram Blenkinshop asked as one of his feet crept under his chair to conceal its disreputable appearance, while his dog had partly hidden himself under a serving table where he seemed to be shivering with apprehension as he peered out, with raised hackles, at the stag's head over the mantel.

"Yes."

"I ain't got any *self*, sir; it's all gone," said Blenkinsop, as he took a swallow of water.

"A man without any self is a curious creature," the minister remarked.

"That's what I be—as curious as a lobster's claw. The only thing that is respectable about me is this 'ere dog. He reminds me o' my lost self. He don't drink no whiskey. He is faithful. He means well. He will love anyone that treats him decent. When he dies, I want to die."

Hiram Blenkinsop riveted his attention upon an old warming pan that hung by the fireplace. He hardly looked at the face of the minister.

"How did you (*Continued on page 78*)

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A NEW KIND

Motanic

By Anne Shannon Monroe

HERE'S a story that disproves the saying, "Once an Indian, always an Indian." Motanic has seen the Oregon country, where once the tepees of his tribe held lonely vigil with the sage brush, blossom into a land of golden grain, dotted with ranch houses, schools and towns. His story is like a closing scene from the drama of the Winning of the West. Motanic, bad Indian, drinker and gambler, is now Motanic, citizen, booster and voter!

Motanic, once the "worst bad Indian of the plains"; now a leader in all that spells good citizenship

MOTANIC, long known in local parlance as the "worst bad Indian who ever ranged the plains" and now a leader in all that spells good citizenship, was to preach to his fellow Redmen at the Umatilla Reservation church. Accordingly, with Major Lee Moorhouse, a life-long friend of the Indians, I drove out from Pendleton, Oregon, to hear him. The way led across a vast upland bursting with wheat ready for the harvest, all golden under the blue sky and surely great enough to feed a starving world—a veritable ocean of grain, billowing its way to hungry shores.

As we stopped before the small reservation church and the car chugged into silence, there came through the open windows the vibrant Indian voices mingled in the old-time hymn: "More of His grace to others show!" and it seemed the very voice of their production, the very message of their toil.

We went inside; perhaps one hundred squaws and braves were sitting apart from one another, Quaker fashion. The Reverend Cornelison, the white missionary who has worked among them for twenty years was there for his first Sunday since his return from over-seas, and we were there, a party of white people, unusual in an Indian place of worship, but not a head turned, not a shoulder stirred. Silent, as if hewn out of bronze, they waited for the message they had come to hear. Presently a large, magnificently built, dusky-faced full-blooded Indian stepped out from the audience and faced us—Motanic.

He began to speak without a gesture and continued throughout without stirring from his original position. The deep, rich, guttural tones were like those of an oracle. He had no text, no theme, apparently, nothing save the message of the Spirit. I could not understand all his words but I could understand his message, and they of the dusky skins understood it, too, for their silence gradually lost its stoical nature and became warm and fluid and alive. When Motanic sat down it was as though a stream of pure mountain water flowing through parched land had suddenly vanished in the desert. One felt a distinct loss!

Afterwards, we met and talked with Motanic and he invited us to his home, an invitation we gladly accepted. There I met his wife, a handsome Indian woman who speaks no English at all and his eight children, nearly all of them marked by unusual beauty and intelligence. A sixteen-year old girl was the principal hostess. She not only spoke English but refreshingly pure English. "One would think so," she replied courteously to an observation of mine. "One would think so!"—when had I heard anything from youngsters of her age all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific except the slangy rejoinder which our High School boys and girls share with people who ought to know better —"I'll say so," or "I'll tell the world". "One would think so!"—one must visit an Indian home to hear the pleasing form in common speech.

THERE was little furniture in the house but it was ideally clean and, while I was wondering what they did all day, the children began to open trunks and pull out piles and piles of needle work to show me—bead and silk embroidery and the loveliest basketry—all testifying to careful teaching in the arts of their ancestors as well as to the instruction given in the schools provided by the white man. They took me outside to a storehouse and showed me the winter's supply of fruits and vegetables—jellies, jams and pickles, canned goods of every variety —a display which would have done credit to any cellar in the country. And they led us to the barn and the tool houses—Motanic and the Major joining us—and Motanic took a hand and showed us his latest models of farm machinery, including a great caterpillar tractor and a seven passenger touring car, all under cover, thriftily protected from the weather, in sharp contrast to many a white man's ranch, where machinery is left out in the fields to accumulate rust all winter.

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OF INDIAN STORY

Motanic's earliest memory is of the tepees in the heart of the Umatilla country, with its plateaus and rolling hills

But all this time I was observing Motanic — the man in whom a miracle had been wrought. What had effected the change? What handling had so completely shifted his gear? I had heard of him always, it seemed to me, back in those days when the West was younger and wilder and red men were still difficult and white men were at peace. There were tales of drinking and shooting and hard riding and trouble making and swift escapes into the far-folding hills. Motanic was friendly to us from motives of hospitality but he is not a talker and I saw that if I was to get his story—his real story, the story of his inner life—I would have to stay awhile. And so I stayed and I did get it; and this is the way his life had run, as he told it and as the Reverend Cornelison and the good Major helped me to get it, and as I sensed it from things said and things unsaid.

Motanic's earliest memory is that of an orphan boy shivering in the outskirts of an Indian camp, with no tepee of his own and afraid to creep into that of others. The camp was in the heart of the Umatilla country where winds swept bitingly across vast plateaus all sheeted over with snow and ice. The boy wandered from camp to camp, no more welcome at the Indian firesides than any orphan boy in our civilization would be at ours—and the Indians had no institutions to take care of their orphans and their consciences! Unwelcome in one party, he would slink away and join another. He lived a sorry, lonesome boy's life and he was developing the sorry, frightened sort of a personality that invites more of the same kind of treatment. And then one night, a great thing came to his knowledge and everything changed for him. Creeping closer than usual to the fire, he caught the low guttural words of an old man talking to his grandchildren. He was telling them, sacredly, about the "Weyekin"; how each child born into the physical world has a counterpart in the spirit world, a second self that always looks after the earth wanderer, an invisible self that keeps along close at hand and, although out of sight, is always within call. After the child has found his "Weyekin"—the Umatilla name for this spirit-self—he has only to ask him for help to be able always to find food and water, to avoid sickness, and in all ways to prosper. According to the old man, this spirit-self sometimes enters into the form of a familiar animal and trots along by one's side—it may be a coyote, an elk, a deer, a horse or a dog. Now—so the old man went on—the greatest moment in a child's life is when he finds his "Weyekin," for then he has found his forever-companion who will always be with him though all the world be against him. And nothing he can either gain or lose in his whole life is half so important. The old man explained that the way to find and keep one's "Weyekin" was to go away for long seasons in the deepest silences of nature and there be very still, listening, waiting. Also, you must purify yourself with sweat baths and much washing and swimming and riding against the clean wind.

After hearing this, little Motanic crept away to his lonely mat with a new fire burning in his heart. He was no longer cold and dreary and afraid. He reasoned that if every child had his "Weyekin" he must have one, too. Nothing had been said about losing your "Weyekin" when you lost your parents and some day his would come to him and, always thereafter, he would have some one who would stay by him when he was running from camp to camp; for he didn't stay in one camp very long, and he was alone a good deal, and hungry a good deal, and heart hungry all the time!

After that, he was always stopping suddenly to listen as the wind swished through the sage brush, or the roar of rushing water followed a freshet, or a lark sang with unusual insistence in the early spring. He listened—as a small white child does for the coming of Santa Claus—for the coming of his forever-comrade.

One early autumn day, he had run away from a camp where no one wanted him and caught up with an outfit going into the Blue Mountains

when suddenly it was as though a voice called to him from the deep woods. He sat up—the voice seemed to call—and this time he sprang up and ran as fast as he could in its direction. Deeper and deeper, he ran into the forest, following the voice. At last he fell, exhausted, and went to sleep. When he again opened his eyes, it was daylight and he saw a beautiful doe daintily nibbling the damp grass. He sprang to his feet and then stopped, for the doe lifted her head and looked at him unafraid. He was mystified. He felt strange, full of a beautiful peace. But its very strangeness unnerved him and he started to run back to camp. He ran a long time but he could not find his way. He came to a deserted old Indian lodge and went in out of the cold but there was no food to be had and he still had a feel-

to hunt. They allowed him food in surly fashion and tried to get rid of him. That night, as he sat alone by the camp-fire, hugging his knees and feeling particularly dreary, one of the camp dogs came over and rubbed his cold little nose against the boy's cheek. All the others had rolled up in their blankets and mats and grunted off to sleep and the boy was furtively looking about to find an old mat no one was using; so, his mind bent on the mat, he did not at first notice the dog; but the dog persisted in his attentions, trotting along when the boy went to get the mat and then lying down beside him and snuggling his nose in the boy's neck.

Every one but the boy was now fast asleep. He lay wide awake, looking out into the black depths of the steep mountains. The night was like pitch, not an object or an outline to be seen anywhere. It was heavy and black like his own life. He lay there thinking black thoughts, unmindful of the friendly dog,

Above, five of Motanic's eight children, all of them skilled in embroidery and basketry work. They not only speak English, but refreshingly pure English. Below, Motanic's church and congregation in the Pendleton, Oregon, country

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ing of strangeness that made him try to seek his kind. Again, he ran out into the woods, stopped in despair as to the right course, and suddenly heard the friendly yelps of the dog. In a moment, he had broken through the brush and came joyously bounding up to him. Then, in a flash, it came to the boy that he had found his "Weyekin." It had spoken to him through the dog who had tried to befriend him and keep him warm and he had not heeded. It had spoken to him through the doe in the deep woods, and he had not understood. Joy burst over him in a flood. He had found his "Weyekin!"

He returned to camp, walking straight, with head up, chest out, unafraid, as one secretly armed. He told no one about the great event—that is the Indian way—but they recognized that a change had taken place. When the gruff bucks told him to leave them, he straightened his young figure, folded his arms and looked back at them with flashing eyes, cowing them into respect. He had no camp of his own? Very well. All camps should be his camp, all the woods should be his woods, all the game and fish his game and fish! He had his "Weyekin" and together they could not fail. Had it not been so stated by the oldest man?

He entered upon a plan of life that included the most terrific sweat baths, that he might be purified for his "Weyekin." He cleaned his mouth and throat daily with willow branches. He went for days alone into the deep woods or far out on the wide lonely plateaus and, with head bared and eyes lifted to heaven, he communed with his spirit-self; and always his dog was close at his heels. He grew big and husky and agile. He entered with all his might into every camp sport, into all the contests and ceremonies. Soon, he could fight any boy and throw him. In time, he could throw any man. He became a wonderful dancer. Enduring longer than any one else, he could outrun the fastest runner, throw the strongest wrestler. All the camps now invited him to be one of them—it was an honor to have Motanic—but he was aloof, shy of intimacies, with either his own people or the white men. He was truly intimate only with the great silence, with the Spirit with whom he so steadily communed.

IT came to be that no Indian fete was complete without Motanic and the prettiest Indian girls looked at him with inviting eyes. He used his power —seeming to enjoy the test—but he always rode away, leaving them wondering. He did not become a tribal part of any group.

About this time, the football team of the Reservation Indians was scheduled to play the Pendleton athletes. The pride of the Indian boys was up. They had never yet whipped a white team. So they went to Motanic and begged him to play with them. They seemed confident they could win with Motanic on their side. He consented, went into training, learned the rules of the game—and the Indians fairly wiped up the earth with the white boys. Next, the Pendleton athletes were to play the Portland Multnomahs. It was to be a great opportunity, for the Multnomahs had carried off the honors of the whole Northwest, and naturally Pendleton was bent on snatching those honors away. They hunted up Motanic and induced him to join their team. Word went out through the press of the country:

"The finest specimen of physical manhood in the whole Northwest, Motanic, trained in his crude but effective Indian methods, will no doubt throw fear into the staunchest of the Multnomah Athletic Club football players. He will play tackle for Pendleton and he is as fast as he is strong and big."

The great day came and Pendleton beat Multnomah to a frazzle, before an audience that went mad with excitement over the wonderful work of the powerful Indian!

YOUNG manhood began to run riot in Motanic. Drunk with power, he craved more power. Trashy white men, who infest the borders of Indian reservations, began to find Motanic a good customer for their cheap liquor; it seemed to put fire into him, and his "Weyekin" was whispering to him steadily to go ahead and be the most powerful man in all the world. The spirit of the old-time, ranging plains Indian seemed now to dominate him. He was constantly on the war path, making trouble, upsetting families, disturbing industry, scorning the few Indians who worked, scorning the white missionary who attempted to reason with him, doing damage and escaping to the lonesome hills and ravines, where his gun and his fish line would keep him in food and his out-of-door life in condition, till some demon of unrest prompted him to further mischief. Then he would find a bootlegger, load up on bad whiskey, and go riding into trouble with the wild fury of an early Comanche. A swift-moving delegate of insurrection, disintegration and destruction, he was just about as disturbing to the lives of the Indians of the Northwest as any red radical is to industry to-day. He considered the world as his playground and all of the wicked games known to Indian and white men as his to play. But with it all, he was so splendid a figure, so dauntless, so fearless, so straight and tall and handsome, that every one secretly admired him and dreaded the day when he must be summarily dealt with. Cornelison, the white missionary, of about Motanic's own age, did his best, but apparently he made no impression on the Indian's mind; and he could do little with the other young Indians, for naturally Motanic was their leader and their idol and they followed after him as closely as their gifts would allow.

Things were looking pretty serious for Motanic, when the Pendleton athletes decided to take him in hand. A good beating was what he needed, they declared, and at this time Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, chanced to be in that part of the country, so they planned a match. The two men entered the ring, Gotch, fresh from his scientific training; Motanic, from his sweats and icy baths. They looked at (*Continued on Page 72*)

Motanic owns an automobile and often takes his family for a drive. The house in the picture, is his home

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It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be—

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true tales of folks and

IN THE January Number, we announced a Prize Contest for stories about Better America. The response was overwhelming. From the flood of manuscripts submitted to us, we have selected three prize-winning stories, and we intend to publish these prize winners in the June Number. The movement for a Better America, however, has not stopped with the ending of this contest. It is country-

LOOKING OVER THIS BROAD LAND

ALL over this great United States of ours, interesting things are happening, wonderful things, things that show that, in spite of the restlessness and troubles flared in the papers, America is still the land of simple ideals, of staunch and loyal folk. The town that builds a community house, the teachers that stick with self-sacrifice to their work, the little school children that save their pennies—these may seem unimportant, hardly worthy of mention in the great onward rush of life. But they are the background of what we call our progress to-day, the signs of an old spirit, reborn in a new age. And, as we turn the pages of a newspaper—those pages so often disheartening and discouraging—they form the foundation of a new faith.

Here are a few items of this kind that we have found. They may be about your own city or your State, or a town near where you live. Anyway they are about America and Americans.

KANSAS CITY has started a new organization called the "Do You Know Music Association." It is part of a nation-wide movement to encourage music and give the public good music, and its purpose is to found, for Kansas City, a symphony orchestra, and build a music hall. Particularly significant is its name—Do You Know! There are so many things we don't know about our own cities and States, and even about our own home towns. Often, we don't know what that town is doing for us—how it is guarding our health, how it is educating our children, and what opportunities to play, just plain play, it is giving them and us.

NEW ORLEANS boasts two schools that are 100 per cent thrifty. That means that every one of the boys in the S. J. Peters School has given up some of his sodas and candy and movies, in order to put his pennies into his saving box. And so have the 700 girls and boys in McDonough No. 14. And who can say that the thrift habit isn't a good habit? Probably a good many of us wish we had started early.

IN DETROIT, there is a man named Thomas Boston whose job it is to go around to the different factories at noon time and start the men singing. Italians, Russians, Poles, Negroes—it matters not what nationality, color or race—gather together and under the stimulus of "Smiles" and "Blowing Bubbles," get new enthusiasm, new joy and new "pep." And, through these sings, many of them catch a glimpse of the gay, young, energetic spirit of America.

A TOWN that has eliminated crime—that is the record of Brewton, Georgia. It has only 300 people but it is a real town with a high school and a bank. Its marshal has been out of a job since the first of February.

LAST YEAR, Minneapolis saved $5,000 in its public health work. At the same time, the city's health has improved. Infant mortality, deaths through typhoid, tuberculosis and diphtheria have all noticeably decreased. That is real, efficient economy.

THE community kitchen of Evanston, Illinois, is still operating with success. In these days, when the housewife gets the breakfast, looks after the children, cleans and sweeps the house, and does all this for the most part unaided, it is a great boon to know that, at the end of the day, she need not prepare the dinner for her homecoming husband, but may send out to the Community Kitchen and, at a moderate cost, have a good, hot dinner sent in. The Kitchen serves about 500 meals a week.

THE automobile has certainly become an integral part of our life. Spokane, Washington, has recognized this in the fact that it has started, in its night schools, classes for automobile drivers. The aim of the course is to give people more mechanical knowledge, to teach them how to care for their cars and, also, to give them more sense of the driver's responsibility; in other words, to make motoring safer both for those who walk and those who drive.

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If you love your country you'll want to help it

IN THE MAKING

things that show a people's heart

wide. We wish that all our readers would continue to tell us their stories in these pages. Look about you in your own home, club, church, school, town, and see what is being done to make a Better America. And then write us about it. We should like to have photographs with every story, or photographs alone, with a little explanatory account attached. We pay at our regular rates, of course, for all contributions accepted.

THERE is a little settlement down in Louisiana, called Urania, where a group of men are experimenting in forest conservation. We have all heard the tragic cries that our forests and our woods are falling before the axe, before fire, before pests. At Urania, Mr. Henry E. Hardtner, who initiated the work, and State foresters, and students of forestry, are trying to save them.

PORTLAND, Oregon, is following in the wake of many other cities and has started a Community Club for girls, particularly girls who have no homes and not many chances for good times. Dancing, singing, tennis, dramatics, hiking, even a course in short story writing, are offered them. Any girl who has been alone in a big city—the loneliest place in the world—will understand what this means.

IN the winter, Congress failed to appropriate money to keep running the night schools of the District of Columbia. But the teachers and the janitors were not troubled by legislative neglect. They did not desert the 10,000 needy students who gathered at the schools in the evening. They resolved to stick to their jobs, and serve the public.

THE public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, are getting in close touch with the homes through their art courses. The pupils are taught how to design clothing and furniture, jewelry and pottery.

THESE items tell us that our country and our countrymen are up and doing, working for a better America!

BRIGHTENING THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

THAT is what Mrs. John Krebs is doing in Hiawatha, Kansas; and her particular recipe for brightening the corners is flowers. Officially, she is president of the Hiawatha Civic Club and Superintendent of the Hiawatha Park but, in the plain language of every day folk, she is known in her city and beyond in the county and State as the "Flower Woman." Flowers are her specialty and her delight. She it is, who plants the flowers and shrubs in the Court House Park, Hiawatha's Civic Center, and who cares for them so well and so faithfully. Besides that, she gathers together, in the monthly meetings of the Civic Club, the amateur gardeners of the town and gives them lectures on gardening and demonstrates her methods, too, in her laboratory, the park, thus bringing trained enthusiasts into the ranks of flower and vegetable growers.

To make Hiawatha clean and beautiful is her purpose. For twenty years, she has preached the gospel of the smooth lawn and the flowering garden and preached it with success. For she has the faculty of interesting people in beautifying their homes and their yards, and it is in great part due to her untiring efforts that Hiawatha has become known as the City Beautiful, and that strangers visiting it exclaim at the clean smiling face that the town turns towards them. For this service, she receives little remuneration—merely what she makes from the sale of plants that she raises and a small allowance from the park funds. Her work, she says, is like sunshine and rain, a free will offering—a contribution as a citizen. For, in making American homes more attractive, she is working for better citizenship. "It is the home life," she says, "that is the great factor in Americanizing our Nation."

And this from a woman who is not an American by birth. She came over from Switzerland when she was ten years old. At thirteen, she was left an orphan, but she made her own way. After her marriage, she became interested in flowers and gardening and, later, close on the death of three of her four children, she threw herself whole-souled into the work.

"Just at this time," she says, "the park movement sprung up. I went into it by way of a heart's ease, and I am sure that it has been a heart's ease for hundreds who have passed through the grounds or seen them from a distance, for flowers are nature's smiles. They keep our mental atmosphere in a healthy condition."

It may seem a far cry from flowers to children, but in the child welfare contest last year, Hiawatha was judged 100 per cent clean and beautiful.

At present, Mrs. Krebs is absorbed and busy; her whole heart in her spring work. She started it by keeping open house on the 21st of February to celebrate her Golden Wedding. In place of a dinner, she distributed seeds of the beautiful blue moon-vine. "Just think," she said, "of the feast we will have next fall when they bloom."

Mrs. Krebs working in the park at Hiawatha, Kansas. Below, are some of the results of her efforts

A LIBRARY ON WHEELS

By Charlotte Clark

Big shouldered miners gravely choosing their Dumas or Tolstoi or DeAmicis; and eight or ten children squabbling over a Pinocchio

THOSE of you who do not live on the Iron Range, as do we of Hibbing, Minnesota, enjoying the distinction of being the richest village in the world, and who are not accustomed, as we are, to making staggering appropriations for everything from ball clubs to incinerators, may not realize (this to be read in a patronizing tone!) what a gorgeous affair we are with our library on wheels! Imagine a big enclosed motor bus, equipped with glass-cased shelving for 1,000 books; a librarian's desk fitted up with drawers, lamp, pencil-sharpener and charging-trays; a cozy leather seat across a windowed back; in two corners, big wicker baskets for the new magazines and big picture books, and, in the other corners, beautiful bouquets.

The people of the sparsely settled districts have been notified in advance of our coming, and are waiting for us at Post Offices, schools and boarding houses. Shut your eyes and see two or three big-shouldered miners, their clothes and skin stained the peculiar magenta of the iron dust, gravely choosing their Dumas, or Tolstoi, or DeAmicis; or eight or ten children squabbling over a Pinocchio; or a mother, in apron and head shawl, mechanically juggling little Rauda or Milka or Conceta while she selects the latest "popcorn stitch."

WE arrive at a tar-paper shack housing a road construction crew. As the men are at work we do not make our regular stop here until night, but we halt for a brief period to accommodate the cook, who comes out in his white shirt, no stockings and black oxfords; chooses a "Baseball Weekly"; lingers to read; becomes deeply engrossed; and then makes a sudden leap out of the bus yelling, "Great Scott—the *apple sauce!*"

As eighty per cent of the people in the locations are foreigners, I have a pantomime system for telling them that the library is free, and that books when borrowed must be returned. I rap at the door, which is opened by a foreign woman. Then I say, "*Suom aluisia Kirjoja,*" or "*knjiga,*" Finnish or Croation for "books" as the occasion seems to require. I point to the bus, next plunge both hands in my pockets and bring them forth without money, and then give a stern look and gesture of returning books to the bus. The woman becomes interested, we go over to the bus, and the blessed old books do the rest!

On our trips south, covering about twenty-three miles of farming community, we depend upon our big brass gong to summon the people from the fields, barns and houses. Our first stop is at the beginning of a settlement of perhaps eleven houses, scattered on each side of the road for two miles, the land stretching backward, in the old Patroon system, and each house surrounded with its log barns, bath-house and earth-covered root cellar.

Out of the first house comes Ragna, and Aino, and Eino, and Waino, and the mother with an infant in her arms. I joggle the baby to give the mother free play with her hands. Says Ragna, "I hear the gong and I come on the run for the looking glass (stereoscope, she means); I've seen Mexico, Glacier Park, animals and European War!"

DOWN the road apiece, six-year-old Gabriel comes out alone. I understand by his motions—for he speaks and understands only Finnish—that his father is in the fields. The mother has recently died, leaving three children under seven years of age. I climb off the bus, follow Gabriel beyond the house to a shed, where he points to a shelf on which I find a key. This lets us into the house, and Gabriel brings out the books to be returned. We take them back to the bus and I pick out new books for the father. Then we are ready to select one for Gabriel himself. Not a sign does he make, as I turn over the leaves of "Mother Goose," until we come to "Tom, Tom the piper's son," when with a squeal he hugs the book tight, and I can pry it loose only long enough to extract the card!

On we go, until we come to a log cabin, set a quarter of a mile from the road, with tall Norway spruces shielding it from the winter wind. In answer to my knock, an old man leads me into the kitchen, where a bent old woman is padding about in her shoe-packs. Then enters a simple nice looking boy of about fifteen years. He has heard about the library and turns his eyes appealingly to the man for permission to go down to the gate and visit the bus. Oh, the joy of that selection! "The Hoosier School Boy," "Treasure Island," and that magic thing—a "scope!" He has never seen one before. With great care we adjust it, his hands trembling with excitement.

Thus runs the log, each day new adventures. And for our patrons, new appreciations, new vistas of joy from our library on wheels!

Washington County, Maryland, used to have a book wagon drawn by horses and driven by the library janitor. Now this truck tours the countryside

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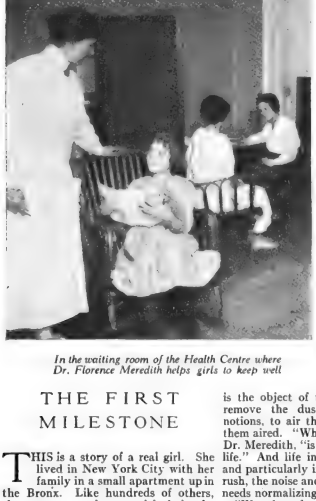

In the waiting room of the Health Centre where Dr. Florence Meredith helps girls to keep well

THE FIRST MILESTONE

THIS is a story of a real girl. She lived in New York City with her family in a small apartment up in the Bronx. Like hundreds of others, she went to work at 9 o'clock in the morning and pounded a typewriter most of the day. At five-thirty, in the evening, she left the office and clung to a strap for half an hour as she travelled homewards in the rush and roar of the subway. She was very tired by that time. So after supper, she begged off from the dishes, got out the sweater she was knitting and sat down just as she had sat all day. Later, her younger sisters came in and wanted her to walk down the street with them to the grocer's. But she was just too tired to move. When her beau asked her if she'd rather go to a dance or to the movies, she chose the movies and sat some more. No, she wasn't sick. She was perfectly well. She was just tired. She hadn't any "pep."

However, one of her friends persuaded her to go to the Health Centre of the Y. W. C. A. There, on examination, she was found to be anemic, flabby of muscle. Her skin was pale, her eyes dull and her posture stooping. She did not complain of anything except extreme fatigue. But she was losing her interest in her work, and besides, she was getting "blue."

Dr. Florence Meredith, of the Health Centre, had a talk with her and at once the girl leaped to her own conclusions as to why she did not feel fit. She just didn't have enough exercise, that was all. She sat at her machine most of the day and in her leisure hours she sat at the movies or at home. What she needed was to get out, to swim, to play games in the gymnasium of the Health Centre, to go horse-back riding or, if nothing else turned up, to walk around the block.

It is just such girls as this, that the Health Centre is helping. Not so much girls who are sick, but girls who are almost well, and yet have no rebound, no surplus energy, and are way below the high-water mark of health. Most of them have tucked away in the background of their minds, the fundamental rules of health. But they do not bother much about them. Their work, their pleasures, all come before health. It is the object of the Health Centre to remove the dust from their health notions, to air their ideas and to keep them aired. "What we try to do," says Dr. Meredith, "is to normalize the girl's life." And life in a big city these days, and particularly in New York, with the rush, the noise and the inevitable strain, needs normalizing.

"We give the girls an educational physical examination. Then we talk with them about their condition and explain it to them. We help those who are well to keep well and we make well those who are almost well."

Sometimes it is exercise that is needed, sometimes change of diet, sometimes more sleep. But whatever it is, the Health Centre helps the girl to get it. Every girl's health, of course, is the outcome of her heredity and her upbringing. Often girls are harrassed by a naturally weak and nervous constitution. But, also, girls often fail to realize the potentialities of their own health. They have not reached the highest point possible for them.

Besides, they often fail to realize that health is a necessary asset for any kind of success. No girl, no matter how bright and talented she may be, can do her job well, can run a home and bring up children, or rise in business and make a career for herself, unless at bottom she has a firm foundation of good health, unless she knows how to order her life and live it sanely.

BRINGING THE HOME INTO THE SCHOOL

By Dorothy S. Phillips

OUT in Montclair, New Jersey, at the Baldwin Street School, there is a Miss Lucey, who is doing just that. It is her job, and it is no easy job, either.

The children of her school come from poor families, either Italian or negro, which are struggling against poverty. Often, they are antagonistic towards the school; they resent what they think is outside interference. But Miss Lucey is driving away that feeling. It has taken her years to get to know the parents, but she does know them, and she has shown them that she and the school she represents are not trying to interfere in their mode of life, but are working along with them for the good of their children. It is usually some practical little kindness that brings these parents into closer touch with the school. It may be a violin lesson for the boy—they come of a music-loving people, those children—or it may be a principal part in a play for the girl. What a delight to see one of their children in a beautiful costume—made (*Continued on Page 68*)

The children of the Baldwin Street School, as well as their fathers and mothers, are strong for Miss Lucey

ONE COMMITTEE REPORTS

By Stuart N. Lake

A member of the A. E. F., author of "Totally Disabled" in the April Number, and, at present, a patient in the Polyclinic Hospital, New York City

THERE was Bill, an Iowa farmer, and Jim, from the Texas line,
And a little Jew from Harlem, called Izzy Finklestein:—
There was Hayes, a small-town lawyer, and Salvatore, the Wop;
Burke was a son of Old Erin and Smith had once been a cop.

There were Lind and Eastman, actors, and Neale from Tennessee.
Dale, with a millionaire father, and an engineer, named Magee:—
There wasn't one of the dozen who could stand on his pins without aid;
The nurses and surgeons called them, "The wheel-chair-and-crutch Brigade."

"I see in the Mornin' Ledger," said Burke, "an' I fear 'tis true.
That some of our crippled soldiers is feelin' a trifle blue
To think of the mornin' after, an' how they'll be gettin' along.
'Poor cripples wid people aginst them'. Bedad, I can show them they're wrong!

"For sure, they do seem to be thinkin', they're laid by for keeps, on the shelf;
Don't they know that the world sees a cripple exactly as he sees himself?
We're still 'under hospital treatment' and a bit more or less on the blink,
But, *I* say, *no* man's a dead issue so long as it's in him to think!"

"Sure, what'sa da dif," said Salvatore, "if da guy's got justa one leg?
He catcha no cold, he graba no flu, by wettin' da woodena peg:—
What'sa da right dat he beef alla time when he's blame lucky to live,
If it make him da hurt when he walk, why da deuce don't he buve da fliv?"

"Should this be a meeting," said Izzy, "I move we conduct it as such."
And he called the forum to order by banging the floor with a crutch.
"I should call now, to help us, our lawyer, he would make it a statement of fact
Regarding the question before us, and then we'd be able to act."

"From all of the evidence offered," said Hayes, who revels in speech,
"The decision which we must arrive at is one only cripples can reach:—
We have listened to heretic speeches by those with axes to grind,
And have come to believe the false doctrine that matter can subjugate mind.

"I recall when I was a youngster, two cripples who lived in our town,
One, was known to us kids as 'Old Gimpy'; the other, we called 'Smiley' Brown:—
Smiley was poor, but happy; while Gimpy, with plenty of pelf,
Thought so much of his one bum leg that he even died hating himself.

"Now, Smiley hid all of his troubles in back of a grin so wide
That no one remembered he couldn't walk till ten days after he died:—
But all of the gold of Old Gimpy couldn't offset his grouch, and the town
Let him go by himself to the devil, the while it was grieving for Brown.

"The world is fed up with troubles; so, to me, our duty is clear.
We should send, with respect, to our brothers, a message of brotherly cheer:—
Let us offer as buddy to buddy, as the halt might give to the lame,
The tale of Gimpy and Smiley, and conclusions we draw from the same."

So the twelve drew up a paper in which they subscribed to the creed,
That a handicap settled upon a horse is a compliment to his speed: —
And for all of the war-worn brethren, beset by fear and by doubt,
They ordered the verdict published and a statement of it given out.

"We're in formal convention assembled and, Therefore, Be it Resolved:
When you've learned the secret of laughing, the problem of limping is solved!
What were once good limbs may be crippled and you may have a hitch in your walk,
But didn't you crow as a baby before you learned how to talk?

"Don't stop to figure your losses, self-pity may make a man vain,
You can chortle at fears for the future once you've started to reckon your gain:—
You have packed the thrills of ten lifetimes in a space of about two years—
The rest of your span 'll be velvet, if you won't give it over to tears.

"So your self-appointed committee submits to the brotherhood
This consensus of opinion (and hopes you will find it good):
You can take this for your slogan, and travel on it till you die —
A limp can't hinder a regular man as long as his heart beats high!"

The lot of the Ugly Duckling was hard. He did not know he was destined to fly high above his tormentors

THE GIFTED CHILD

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

IN this article, our friend Angelo Patri has given us an unusual study of the talent which often lies deeply hidden within children. To Mr. Patri's school in New York City, there come each day, eight thousand children to whom he is not only teacher, but counselor and guiding spirit. It is this experience, combined with a rare insight into child nature, which has enabled him to give us such an article as the Gifted Child.

THE lot of the Ugly Duckling was hard. He did not know that he was really a swan. He did not know that he was destined to fly beyond the ken of his tormentors, the ordinary barnyard fowls. He had no such comforting dream to soothe his aching soul. He was a stunned, bewildered little Duckling. He hid himself behind the friendly burdocks to give his bleeding pin-feathers a chance to heal and his poor pecked head a respite from the sharp bills of his scornful mates. A very sad, lonely little duck.

But there came the call from the sky and he, knowing his own tongue, answered. He spread his wings, which had been growing all the time, and soared away with the swans.

There was great excitement in the barnyard. The old Gobbler who used to peck the hardest and gobble the loudest said he had always felt that the bird had something out of the ordinary about him, and that was the reason he had spent so much time upon him, forming his mind and teaching him the wisdom of the barnyard. In fact, if it hadn't been for his care and attention, which he had never spared, that bird had never become a swan. He wondered if the swan remembered it. Young things are so apt at forgetting!

The old Cock who used to crow so derisively and set all the cockerels to gibing whenever the poor Duckling put in appearance, arched his neck and said that he had always known that the Duckling was of the aristocracy and not of the common barnyard. Many a lesson had he given him. If now he soared with the great, he hoped the Duckling would remember to whom he owed his training!

All the hens and geese and turkeys chimed in and said, "If it had not been for the training he got living here with us, drinking in the teaching we gave our own lovely children, he never could have — he never would have—"

The old mother Duck who had struggled along as best she could with her ungainly charge pondered long over these things in her nest among the friendly burdocks and finally concluded, "They never knew a thing about the poor child. The fairies had hidden a jewel in his soul. That was it."

If only one could tell an Ugly Duckling when he saw one. But alas, swans will look like Ugly Ducklings and Ugly Ducklings will look like swans until the end of time, and mothers and teachers will make mistakes and confuse the two over and over again.

In the crowded school—all hurry and hustle—the individual child is submerged. He must be extraordinary indeed to stand out from the mass. His standing out is often a source of tribulation and sorrow. He must not be different. He must not break the rhythm. He must go with the class.

Why is he silent and shy? Why cannot he come when he is called? Cannot he see that we are in a hurry? What is the matter with the contrary child?

The child knows the reason no more than the school. He cannot say why he does not keep step with his class; why he hates one lesson and loves the other. He cannot explain why he falls into a day dream and loses himself. It is so. He feels as bad about it as the teacher does.

It is for the school to protect such as he. Among them are those who bear

The boy who wanders off to the fields and brings home strange plants and tells us the names of them

the gifts of the fairies. There are always gift-bearing children, the queer baffling children with the hidden jewels and the scrawny unloveliness of unfolding beauty.

There is a boy who wanders off to the fields and brings home strange plants and tells us the names of them. His face shines as he handles them lovingly and fits them into their cases.

"I had to go ten miles for that one. It is very shy and grows far from the city. I was lucky to get it. The Science man searched all last year for one. That is why I gathered two. One is for him."

He is a fat ungainly child. He has a bad-mannered way of not seeing you or hearing you when you speak to him. He is really not thinking about you at all. When he finds that you are talking to him and that you are interested in him, his face lights up with a smile and his eager attention wins your heart.

He may become a great naturalist some day. Nobody knows. We feel though, that he has a gift hidden away and we are going to give him a chance to use it.

Tony, a quiet retiring child, makes boats. Starting in the Baby Class with a chip for a hull and a toothpick for a mast, he has made boats in all his spare time through school. Now, in the last class, he is making "a submarine that will fly, float, and submerge—if it works."

He may become an inventor, a boat-builder, an engineer. Who knows? In the silent places of his soul he is growing something that is useful and fine. We will wait and see.

In the First Class, there is a little chap who has us all interested and watching. He spends his free time in the garden. He carries a small tin box in his pocket and every bug unfortunate enough to meet him is popped into that box without further ceremony.

He turns over the stones in his pathway to catch the unwary beetles that may be slumbering beneath them.

"What are you doing, Bunnie?"

"Catching bugs. Going to keep them in my house and find out their names."

Perhaps he has the gift. Perhaps not. One never knows whether he is raising a nubbly child who will straighten out and follow the rules of the game or a great artist, a leader, who will make new rules for the group to follow. Not knowing, we dare not pass one by or push him aside. What if we lost a Gift? What if we injured one?

Henrietta was a stumpy little thing with a habit of hunching her shoulders and shaking her black hair over her face and, at the most inopportune times and places, refusing to answer. She seemed to be dreadfully unhappy. The teachers did not like her and the children refused to play with her. They pushed her to one side or drove her away altogether.

At playtime, she took refuge with the First Grade children. One day the teacher found her telling them the story of the Little Red Hen and the Fox.

The children were squatted on the story-telling mats, crowding as near to the little girl in the middle as they could get. It was a transfigured Henrietta who was saying: "And the Little Red Hen drew her scissors out of her work-bag and snip, snip, snipped a hole in the bag and quick as a wink, she gathered some stones and put them into the bag and sewed it up again and the sly Red Fox never knew a thing about it, and ran along home thinking all the time that he was going to have the Little Red Hen for his supper."

"O Goodie!" chuckled the crowd, cuddling closer. "What happened next, Henrietta?"

The word was passed around and the Auditorium teacher, quite by accident, met Henrietta and asked her if she would tell the little children a story during the Auditorium period on Tuesday.

For an instant, suspicion flashed out of the dark eyes. Then she smiled up at the teacher and said, "Why, yes, if you think they would like it. I'm not used to doing it, so if I don't get it right, you must excuse me."

She told many stories after that. The Library teacher made her acquaintance and taught her to use the Library in her hunt for material. Presently, she astonished us by coming into the office and saying: "Please give me more time in school. I must know everything so I can tell stories to the children. I must write some for them. There aren't enough in the Library. Please fix my program."

Henrietta studied and read and wrote furiously. She levied on every classroom and shop that promised anything for her purpose. She danced through the school. Walking was too slow. When she was graduated and

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started off to High School, she said, "Please keep my place for me. I am coming back with great stories for my children."

We promised to keep her place. There was none to fill it did she but know it. She was never coming back as she pictured it. Her wings were poised for flight. She had heard the voice from the sky and was answering it. We could go no further. All the school can ever do is to shelter and protect these little ones and send them out with strength in their wings and songs in their hearts.

There was a boy whose life was reduced to one idea—drawing. He ignored everything else. His clothes were untidy. His necktie floated about like a loose string. His wristbands straggled down over his knuckles in grimy wrinkles. His hair was tousled and his hands were dirty. His pockets bulged and sagged with the weight of things that he had put in and forgotten to take out. His shoes were never free from mud after the first day's wear.

He never prepared a lesson and seldom got a decent rating from any teacher but the drawing master. Here he shone. He could draw anything he saw and he looked at things for that one reason. If it could not be drawn, he would not take the trouble to look again or listen to anything that might be said about it.

The teachers and his parents pecked at him conscientiously but to one man alone he listened—the drawing master.

The grammar teacher took it most to heart. She had the same feeling for grammar that the boy had for drawing.

"It is all very well to draw," she said, "but even an artist must be able to talk. The artists I have known talked a great deal. Now I have made up my mind that you are going to have one good lesson in English every day. So give me all your drawing pencils and scraps of paper and sit up and pay attention."

Accordingly, Frederick sat up and looked at the teacher. She began the lesson she had promised him. Soon the gray fog of abstraction settled over the boy's face. She called him but he made no sign.

Going close to him she discovered that while he seemed to be sitting perfectly still, his right leg was moving in a curious way.

She bent down to see what it meant and Frederick called out. "Did I make it? I was trying to draw Jumbo's head with my toe. The elephant over in the Zoo you know. I never tried that before. Did I make it?"

"I'm sure I do not know whether you did or not," said the exasperated teacher. "I wouldn't know your elephant if I saw him. But I could draw a picture of the silliest boy I ever saw in my life. Here you sit refusing to be taught. You will grow up a lopsided, erratic individual. It will not do. It shall not be." And she completed her address with a sweeping gesture.

"O, please! Quick—wait. I want that line."

Before the astounded woman could move he had seized a paper and pencil and sketched the sweeping curve of her upraised arm.

"Thanks. It was good of you to give me that line. It was just what I needed for my deer's head."

Then she went to see the drawing master. "You will have to do something with that boy Frederick. He has no balance. He is going to be a very useless child unless something is done for him. He must not be allowed to ignore the fine things about him as he is doing. It is all your fault. You must talk to him. He will not listen to the rest of us."

The drawing master agreed and waited for his chance. Frederick was copying a head of Lincoln. The master stopped to look at it.

"That is a great face, isn't it?" he asked the child.

"Yes, but I can't get it. I've tried over and over again and I can't get it right."

"It will be many years before you draw that head. Perhaps you will never be able to draw it at all."

The startled boy looked up into the grave face of the teacher.

"Why? Why can't I draw him?"

"You do not understand him. His eyes are sad because he looked at the sorrow and suffering of many people and could not help them. You do not understand that. You do not care about people. His mouth is straight and thin and firm. He had to endure much, even from his friends. They would have turned him aside from his duty. He was strong and held fast. The light that plays about his lips is the light of forgiveness. He forgave people for doing wrong even when he had to speak the words that condemned them. You cannot draw that because you do not understand it. You do not know what duty means. You cannot see it. You cannot feel it. Put Lincoln away until you know something about what being a real man means."

This from his one friend in the school. Poor Frederick laid his head on his desk and wept. The teacher feeling very

He carries a tin box in his pocket and every bug unfortunate enough to meet him is put into that box

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much like an old gobbler went to the further side of the room and pretended not to care.

At last he could stand it no longer. He went back and stood beside the grieving child. He patted the bowed head in token of peace.

Frederick raised his tearful eyes. "Do you mean that I should do all the lessons?"

"Yes, and more than all the lessons. If you are to grow up to be of any account, you will have to do things that are hard to do. Even if you cannot do them well, you must make a try at them. You must think about all the things and about all the people in the world. You must know about them or you never can draw them."

"Grammar, too?"

"Grammar, too! And history and geography and mathematics and everything else that comes along! And all the people about you! They all count."

WHAT the drawing master said was the law and Frederick struggled pathetically. It was uphill work. It was hard for him to persuade the teachers that he was really trying to do good work.

He got many a "peck" from many a sharp bill those days. Often he hurried to the drawing master to sob out his grief. The kindly man would comfort him and tell him of the time just ahead when he was going to catch up all that he had missed in the days when he had not cared. Always he sent him away cheered.

Then the drawing master would saunter out from his nest and remonstrate with some of the "peckers" and beg for a little consideration for his "ungainly" charge.

Life is always hard on the child with the hidden jewel in his soul! We older ones know that grinding toil and fiery sorrow and subduing grief must play their part in the polishing of even the smallest, dimmest gem of them all. The brighter and more precious the jewel, the more merciless the grinding and cutting and polishing will be.

The child, all unconscious of the presence or the value of the jewel, does not understand the suffering and flees to the friendly burdock. Sheltered by the drawing master, Frederick progressed slowly through the school. He never stood at the top of the class in any subject but drawing.

He was graduated and went to Art School. Stories of his success drifted back to the school. Maybe it was the drawing master who set them about for often the boy was to be seen running up the stairway that led to the master's studio.

"There, what did I tell you?" chortled the grammar teacher when the master told her that Frederick had captured a coveted medal.

"I always knew that boy would amount to something! That is the reason I insisted that he must learn to use the English language properly. I am glad I did."

THE drawing master rattled the keys in his pocket and sauntered off to his nest in the top of the school.

"Strange, isn't it? We are all ready to accept the responsibility for a success and unanimously dodge the responsibility for a failure. But how could a teacher of grammar be expected to appreciate an artist? She does not understand me and I surely do not understand her. But the school needs us both."

Wise old drawing master! All sorts of teachers for all sorts of children. You, for Frederick; the Play man, for Paladino.

Paladino was as shapeless as a bag of rags. His features were negative; his face expressionless. When the dramatic teacher wanted to picture a tree or a stone she always chose him. "Because," she said, "he so completely blends in with any background you lend him."

Once, after he had been a tree for a long succession of classes, he asked if he might do the part of one of the gnomes.

"What, you, Paladino? You would not know what a gnome felt like. You are much better as a tree," and she laughed cheerily at him.

Paladino went back patiently and became a tree. The Play man said afterward that Paladino's face had clouded.

"Impossible," trilled the dramatic teacher. "My dear man, that child isn't alive yet. I have never seen his face change its expression."

"Well, I have," insisted the Play man. "And I am sure it did to-day and I believe he was hurt."

"Dreams, man, dreams!" laughed the dramatic teacher.

But the dramatic teacher was wrong. When the Play man went down stairs to get his sweater, he found Paladino waiting for him. The pecked look was still in his eyes.

He scrambled up on a bench to help the big man into his sweater but, even on the bench, standing on tiptoe, arms stretched to the last inch, he was much too short to reach and wobbled like the clumsy duckling he was.

HE laughed up at the teacher. It was such an irresistible laugh that the Play man laughed back. Now something came over Paladino. Perhaps it was because he was mounted on a bench and it reminded him of the stage he had just left. Perhaps it was the reaction of a hurt child. Perhaps it was his call from the sky.

Whatever the reason, he danced and capered about like the gnome of the hills. He imitated the children who had been playing and the dramatic teacher who had directed them. He imitated the janitor bossing the coal-man and the principal addressing the school. Everybody and anybody that Paladino had seen lately came in for a share in his repertoire—their faces, their gestures, their speech.

It was all so good-natured, so screamingly funny, that the Play man lay limp and aching in a chair long before Paladino was half tired.

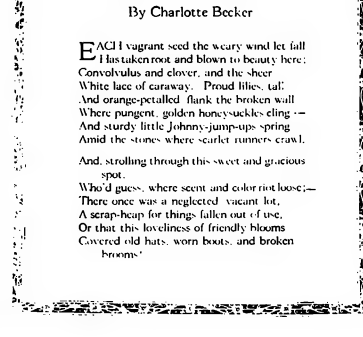
"Where did you ever learn it, Paladino?"

"Never learned it anywhere. It just came." and Paladino made another face.

"Don't, Paladino? I'm nearly dead laughing now. I'm so glad I found you. You know, Paladino, you are my find."

"I'm yours, all right," assented Paladino. "But I don't count for much to anybody but you."

Now these two had



A WILD GARDEN

By Charlotte Becker

EACH vagrant seed the weary wind let fall
Has taken root and blown to beauty here:
Convolvulus and clover, and the sheer
White lace of caraway. Proud lilies, tall
And orange-petalled flank the broken wall
Where pungent, golden honeysuckles cling—
And sturdy little Johnny-jump-ups spring
Amid the stones where scarlet runners crawl.

And, strolling through this sweet and gracious spot,
Who'd guess, where scent and color riot loose;—
There once was a neglected vacant lot,
A scrap-heap for things fallen out of use,
Or that this loveliness of friendly blooms
Covered old hats, worn boots, and broken brooms?

"O, Goodie!" chuckled the crowd, cuddling closer. "What happened next, Henrietta?" It was a transfigured child who was telling the story

been friends for as many years as Paladino had been in school. The very first day when the little boys of the Baby Class had singled out the queer little boy who looked like nothing so much as an overdone pudding bursting out of its bag, and had chased him out of the yard with hoots and howls, the Play man had gone to his rescue.

The little lad had shadowed the big man ever since and he had learned to love him with the understanding love of one big soul for another.

"Don't talk to me about not counting for much. Man, you are a wonder—a wonder child. Do you hear that? You are going to make thousands of people glad that you were born."

The following week, the dramatic teacher looked up the Play man. "Thursday is your day for entertainment in the Auditorium. If you are not prepared, I will put something on instead."

"Oh, never mind," said the Play man largely. "We are prepared." And he handed her the program slip. There was one word on it—Paladino.

"What in the world is this?"

"Our program."

Thursday, the children who filled the Auditorium sang their morning song and sat back to be entertained. There was nobody in sight. The dramatic teacher wiggled uneasily in her chair. What was the Play man going to do? She could see no preparations for the period and he had told her that he was prepared.

Paladino walked up on the platform. He had nothing in his hands. He was his usual bunchy self without lines or

presence. The children looked at him without interest. He walked close to the edge of the platform and made a funny face.

The children burst into laughter. For fifteen minutes the child stood there and, without speaking a word, held the audience in joyful appreciation of his antics.

He took a rag doll out of his pocket and the conversation of the two brought tears of mirth and the audience laughed and wept until Paladino stuck his rag doll in his pocket and disappeared.

"I was wrong," said the dramatic teacher. "Isn't he wonderful?"

Paladino had come into his own! He had paid the price for his gift. The body we thought so unlovely sheltered a soul so sensitive that it caught every tone and inflection from those about it. He must have suffered keenly many times when we thought him unconscious of all that went on.

The child with the gift has a thorny road at best. He is driven by the gift. If it is thwarted or suppressed, it makes itself felt in pain and longing and unsatisfied dreams. The school must search and cherish and stand by, lest the child lose the sureness of victory in his quest for self-realization.

The Immigration officer brought in a boy one morning.

"Brought in this boy myself. He ought to go to school but he does not know a word of English and he does not know his way around yet. Don't know what you are going to do with him but here he is."

He was a homely, awkward child. His head and hands and feet seemed several sizes too large for him. His hands, especially, were ugly and conspicuous.

He stood out among the rest of the children. They called him "Poor Fish" because one day when the class was at the Zoo and the attendants were throwing fish to the sea lions, he had said in most sympathetic tones, "Poor feesh!"

He could not play their games and they laughed at his attempts and he soon ceased to try. He could not speak their language and they made fun of his broken accents and he stopped talking to them.

He had trouble learning to write. The teacher lost patience and said, "My word, where did you get such hands? They are the paws of a bear."

Going past the open door of the modeling studio one day the boy spied the sculptor in his long linen overall mixing a lump of clay. Instantly the child fell out of line and raced to him, his face fairly shining with rapture.

"Ah, give me! I mak som theeng."

The sculptor let him have his way and soon a little monkey showed out of the clay in his hands. It was difficult after that to get the boy to go to any other class. "I'm going to stay with you." he said in his broken way. "I'm going to make the things you make. I like to."

So the "Poor Fish" and the sculptor became fast friends. Whenever the lad was hurt, and it must have been often in those beginning days, he ran to the studio as soon as he was free and worked it all out in his art.

The sculptor caught him looking sadly at his hands one lesson time. The "Poor Fish" spread them out before him and said. "Do you think they will be all right some day?"

"Be all right? What is the matter with them?"

"One time the teacher said, when I could not write, that I had the paws of the bear. I looked at the other children's hands and. the said right. It is true. Look!" and he flattened his big flexible thumb down on the table. "It is so very ugly. Not so?"

"Nonsense! That hand of yours is a gift from God. If you were to be a clerk, He would undoubtedly have given you the hand of a clerk. But as you are to be a sculptor, He has given you the hand of a sculptor. That big thumb is your tool. Never mind how your writing looks. You will write your name some day so that all the world may read. It will not be written with a pen. Come along now. You need a bit more clay on that lion's jaw."

Silently, the boy went to work. The rough places had been made smooth once more. But not for long. There was trouble at home as well as at school.

"My father wants to talk with you," said the "Poor Fish" to the principal.

"Very good. Tell him I shall be glad to see him."

The father, who came to see the principal, was a slender, sad-faced man with eyes that seemed to look far off and see visions of unending sorrow. A man without hope!

"I would speak to you about my son." His voice was low and pleasant but again one felt that this man had no joy in his life. "He works much with the sculptor in the studio. I am very sorry that my son wants to do that."

"Oh, no," the principal interrupted. "Surely not. The boy is doing such wonderful work. He is going to do still better."

"You do not understand," the man went on patiently. "When I was a boy like him, I wanted to be an artist. I would be a sculptor. But I was poor. I had to work hard to get the little it took to keep me alive. I saved to buy a year at the Art school. I saved out of my food and my clothes. I saved too hard and I got sick and had to go to the hospital. When I got out again, I had no job, no money.

"I had to go back to my work in the factory. I have had to stay there ever since. All my life that thing has eaten at my heart. I would be chiseling out some beautiful thing, yet I must stay at my work or starve. Better not have the wish to do such things! Art is not for such as we!

"My son has the same

(*Continued on page 74*)

Then the Ugly Duckling spread his wings, which had been growing all the time, and soared away

The two men spoke together in undertones. Finally, Henry said, "It's a big problem, Ed"

NONE SO WISE

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

A HAPPY smile touched Martha Knight's lips as she looked around at her family. It was late afternoon of New Year's Day, and they were all gathered in the living room: Bertha and Ed and their babies; Alma, flushed and gay; and buoyant, boyish Bruce.

"Well," he was saying, "I want to take those two exams at once and I guess it's my business. Nobody can do your walking for you. You've got two legs and I guess you are expected to do your walking yourself."

Bertha leaned forward interested.

"You mean, don't you, Bruce," she said, "that given a mind of our own we are expected to do for ourselves —that nobody can tell us."

"Now you're talking!" Bruce affirmed.

"Oh!" A little half sigh escaped Bertha. Martha heard it, and Martha turned to look at her. There was no mistaking that haggard, worn expression on the face of Bertha, that little drooping of the mouth denoting despondency, and the hands gripped in her lap. There was something intense about Bertha—something unknown. Martha had never understood Bertha, perhaps because as a child she had never given her a moment of trouble or serious thought. Bertha had never been ill or bothersome or naughty, she had come and gone her own way, seldom requiring a reprimand, seldom demanding attention. Always she had seemed to be self-sufficient.

Martha had been proud of Bertha's self-reliance as a child but, as she grew older, Martha had accepted it as an asset, not as a potentiality. Somehow, Bertha had always been the oldest to Martha, not often did she remember her as a baby. Alma and Bruce had come and Bertha had always been a Little Mother to them. Martha loved Bertha with a calm, loyal love. She had none of the charm of Alma, none of the spontaneity of Bruce, and yet, as Martha watched her in that moment, she became to her an individual —someone apart from the rest of them —an individual who had dared to find and to live her own life.

Martha remembered her once—strange how memory came back to her while the others were laughing and talking—Martha remembered her once, a little thing, and she had burned her hand. Martha had found her suffering in a far corner.

"She isn't sick, I tell you!" Bruce was getting excited. "Well, if you don't believe me," declared Bertha, "go up and see for yourself"

"What's the matter?" she had asked. Bertha had looked up from her pain.

"I burned my fingers."

"Let me see," Martha had demanded and Bertha had held out her hand bound clumsily in an old cloth. Martha had unwound the rag and cried out, startled at the ugliness of the wound. Tenderly she had dressed it and all the while Bertha had not winced.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Martha inquired.

"I fixed it myself," Bertha replied stolidly.

And Martha, suddenly chastened by the mute suffering of her little girl, had taken her in her arms and kissed her. Bertha accepted the caress as she might have accepted a piece of bread and butter. Almost Martha expected to hear her say, "Thank you, Mother," in that polite little tone she had. Bertha had never been demonstrative—never had shown any deep affection, but Martha knew it was there—a burning flame in her little heart. Always she had offered the good-bye or the good-night kiss with the solemn air of one who performs a duty.

BUT that she loved them, Martha was sure. All the little kind things she had done, and expected no thanks for the doing, came flooding back to Martha in a rush of memory. Bertha had always thought of the little things. But Bertha had never seemed to need to have those little things done for her.

Martha recalled, and a wry little smile touched her lips with pathos at the recollection, Bertha practising at the piano, hour after hour, beating out the notes—one, two, three, and four—one, two, three, and four—in an even monotone that Martha, listening from the kitchen, found almost maddening. Sometimes she would go to the parlor door and say, "That will do, Bertha. You have done enough to-day."

And Bertha would slide off the stool, gather up her music and put it away.

"I've done my hour to-day," she might say. "I guess now I had better go at my history."

Bertha had never attained success in music, nor in history for that matter. Never would she sit down at the piano as Alma so often did and let her fingers run over the keyboard in a rollicking riotous tune. Bertha had never been asked to play before company. When company came Bertha had always passed around the sandwiches and helped to wash the dishes.

Bertha's playing, however, had not lacked melody. It had lacked vivacity and variety. The music had seemed to Martha an echo of Bertha's days. She lived without discord and Love came to her as a high note, which she might have touched without that lifting animation of spirit. In her courtship days, Martha could detect no change in Bertha. She went on day after day, calmly and gently. But Martha knew that Bertha was not the same, knew that a great change had come. Martha, however, had not dwelt upon it long; there was so much to be done for that first wedding. And afterwards, she had turned to find Alma no longer a child—Alma, a radiant young girl; Bruce, a growing boy. She no longer had Bertha to help her and perhaps because Bertha was not there, she felt a new and greater responsibility towards Alma and Bruce. So she had not found time to meditate upon the methods and actions of Bertha.

To-day, for the first time or perhaps she had always unconsciously known it, Martha realized that Bertha was an individual. Lacking the warmth and the color and the gaiety of Alma, lacking the energy and enthusiasm and humor of Bruce, she stood apart, more decidedly perhaps because she lacked those things. She stood apart —an individual!

Martha saw in those gripped hands, in the little droop of the mouth, in that forward leaning of the body, undiscovered deeps within Bertha, latent power, decided purpose, originality.

"We ought to have tea now," Bertha was saying. "I want to get the babies home and to bed early or they will be sick after the excitement of to-day."

"Sure!" Bruce said. "Let's eat now."

Martha came back from the realms of thought, back to the world of action.

"Isn't my ring a beauty?" Alma asked as they buttered bread in the kitchen. She stretched out her hand, the fingers outspread. Beneath the electric light, the gem sparkled and darted color.

"It is a beauty," Bertha agreed. "But wasn't Buster extravagant?"

"Well, I guess," Alma pursed her lips, "I guess he has a right to be. He never had to buy an engagement ring before and he isn't likely to have to do it again."

Bertha laughed and Martha joined her.

"Buster has a pretty good position, hasn't he?" Bertha asked.

"Selling automobiles!" Alma chuckled and cut off a slice of bread with precision. "Nothing very artistic—but it pays."

Bending over her task, Bertha colored.

Alma brandished the bread knife in the air," "Bertha, what did Ed give you for Christmas?" she asked.

"A new sewing machine, something I really wanted," Bertha said. "And money for a new ice-box in the spring."

Martha looked at her two girls—Alma, gay as the sparkle of her ring, Bertha, evenly buttering bread and talking sewing machines and ice-boxes.

How like Alma it was—and how like Bertha!

ED and Bertha departed about eight o'clock with the children.

"Do come over to see my things soon, Alma," Bertha said in parting. "I can't really bring them over here, you know." Martha looked up smiling, from tucking the baby snug into his carriage. "I wouldn't want you to try," she said gently, "Some night soon, Dad and I will walk over."

She followed them out to the veranda, watched Ed lower the perambulator down the steps, gave Tots one more farewell hug and waved them off.

"Hurry indoors, Mamma," Bertha called back over her shoulder, "or you'll freeze."

The night was cold, crisp and still as only a winter night can be. Martha shivered, folded her arms across her chest, looked at the stretches of snow, blue-shadowed under the night, looked at the serene darkness of the sky and the myriad stars, looked back at the street and the electric lights glowing upon the posts up and down the street at regular intervals. They seemed to her to be reaching out in a procession, like the coming and the passing of her days. And above, the mystery of the sky and, all about, the fathomless stillness of the hour!

She saw her breath like steam in the frostiness.

"I must go in," she said and turned reluctantly to the door.

Alma and Buster and Henry were in the front room singing. It warmed Martha to hear the gladness of their voices. She paused, meeting Bruce in the hallway.

"NONE SO RICH"

YOU who have been reading this unusual series of stories by Theodocia Pearce concerning the members of the Knight family will be glad to hear that there will be no interruption in their publication. The fourth and next story, "NONE SO RICH," will appear in the June issue. It deals with the youthful hopes and difficulties of Alma and Buster and their grapple with the high cost of living. In some respects we think you will find it the most amusing as well as the most human of the whole series

COMING IN JUNE

"Say, Bruce," she put the question frankly, "What do you think of Bertha?"

Bruce squinted and considered, "Well, Mom, she hasn't got the looks like Alma but I'd say she uses her back-bone. I'd say that much for her, Mom!"

Martha reflected.

"I'd say that much for her, too!"

One night, a week later, Martha and Henry went over to Bertha's. Ed met them at the door.

"Why, hello folks! Come right on in," he greeted them. "Bertha is upstairs putting the babies to bed."

"I'll go right up," Martha said. "I want to see the babies."

Henry followed Ed into the living room.

Martha was greeted tumultuously by Tots. Bertha merely gave her a welcoming smile.

Later they went to the sewing room, a mere box of a room. Martha thought, and the sewing machine was duly admired.

"Yes—I like it," Bertha's fingers touched the polished top lovingly, "I've wanted a new one for so long. We got the other one secondhand when we were married—you remember." Bertha stooped to pick up a pair of blue rompers. "The ice-box, I'll get in the spring. This—," she held out the little garment for Martha's inspection, "This is the way Tots wears out her clothes. Really, Mamma, it is awful!"

Martha laughed, "She is such a little tomboy, Bertha. I'll warrant those holes came from bumping down the stairs."

"I don't know how they come," Bertha turned the rompers over in her hands, "I only know they do. If rompers grew as quickly as holes, it wouldn't be so bad. And shoes—really, Mamma—it's dreadful! One week, I buy a pair of shoes, and it seems just a little while and I am buying another pair. Really, you don't know what it's like."

Indeed, Martha did know but she kept the knowledge to herself. She looked about the tiny place, the bare white walls, the old oak on the floor, the building blocks in one corner, a chair and a basket in another and—the new sewing machine.

"IT costs so much to live these days," Bertha went on, "with growing children. You see one can't have everything at once. It takes time to get all the things we need—it takes time to furnish a home. Ed wanted to get a victrola, but I saw that we just couldn't afford it. In another two or three years we will need a piano for Tots."

Alma drifted in—a dream of loveliness in a rose-mist dress

Martha smiled and thought of Bertha—those hours and hours of practice, beating out the notes in an almost maddening monotony. She wondered if Tots would do the same. Instinctively, she knew that Tots would not. Tots at four was an individual. And Bertha—Bertha standing there beneath the light in her trim dress of brown serge, her heavy hair brushed back gracefully from her broad white forehead, with the little rompers in her hand—Bertha was an individual, too.

They went back to the living room and the fire. Martha coughed a little as they sat down.

"Cold, Mother?" Ed asked.

"No," she smiled at his thoughtfulness. "No, it's lovely in here, Ed. I've had a nasty little cold these last few days—nothing serious."

Bertha had brought in the rompers. "I might as well put the patch on to-night," she said, placing her sewing basket on the center table and drawing up a chair, "for I'll only have to put it on to-morrow, if I don't."

Ed went to the cellar and brought up some apples. Martha, watching Bertha bent over her sewing, asked some questions about jelly. Bertha glanced up a moment and they began to chat—jelly—marmalade—a coming church social—Alma—the spring sewing.

The two men spoke together in undertones. Presently, Henry looked at his watch. "Ten o'clock, Martha!" he exclaimed. "Would you ever believe it? How the time flies! We had better get back."

"Yes," Martha agreed.

They walked home briskly through the white stillness of the night. Martha snuggling close to Henry's side.

"What was Ed saying to you to-night?" Martha asked. "You talked like two old cronies."

"I guess we had nothing on you and Bertha," Henry answered.

"Well, according to tradition, a woman talks, a man doesn't, but there's something wrong with tradition." Martha laughed softly to herself. "What was it Ed was saying?"

"Well—," Henry cleared his throat, "it's rather a problem. Ed is getting on pretty fair at Weatherby's, but Ed's father wants him to go back into the grocery business with him."

"Oh!" It was a question on Martha's part.

"You know," Henry went on, "Ed left the grocery business about four years ago. It seems he was ambitious—wanted to work down town in some store where there was a bigger chance—wanted some sort of a future."

"And then?" Martha asked.

"And now, after four years of the same job, Mr. Baker wants Ed back in the grocery and Ed can't make up his mind to go."

"I wonder what Bertha has to say?"

"That's just it; Ed says Bertha won't say a thing. She won't tell him to do this or that. She says it's up to him to decide. And he can't do it."

"BERTHA'S funny, Henry," Martha said. "Bertha's different from the rest of us."

Something was the matter, she knew. Perhaps she knew all the more that something was the matter because Bertha had not told her. Bertha did not tell things; Bertha was different. She saw her again, standing beneath the light, the worn garment in her hands. And Martha wondered if life might not be like those little rompers to Bertha—worn and needing a patch? Had something failed her? Had the dream not been full? Had life worn through for her? Was it showing pitifully ragged? Bertha would never say. She would put on a patch; cover the void or the aching with an activity,

Bertha regarded her sister with pride. "You have a good time, don't you, Alma?"

a ceaseless round of duties. She would put the patch on her heart and no one would ever know it! With what precision she had threaded the needle and with what precision she had made the stitches—mended the little garment. And Bertha would do the same with her life if need be; cover up the hole with precision and determination.

Bertha called up in the morning.

"Mamma," her voice came troubled over the wire. "I don't like that cough of yours. It isn't right. You've had it for almost a week now. What are you doing for it?"

"Oh nothing," Martha's tone was perfunctory, "I'm all right!"

"I'll be over this afternoon," Bertha replied, and there was purpose in her voice.

"I wonder why in the world she is coming right over this afternoon," Martha pondered.

She soon found out.

BERTHA arrived on the scene promptly at three o'clock, with the baby, Tots, and a suitcase.

"Yes—I am going to stay," she said with an air of finality, planting the suit-case on the floor in the hall. "I told Ed you needed looking after and so I am going to stay, Mamma. You'll go right to bed."

"What?" Martha gasped.

"You'll go right to bed. Why—" Bertha turned to lift the baby from his carriage. "Why it isn't safe, your working about—up—out-doors—and everywhere, with that nasty cough. It just isn't safe, so I am going to stay for a few days to keep house and look after you. And you are going straight to bed."

"Well, of all things!" was all Martha could say.

"I had to bring the kiddies. Mamma," Bertha went on. "But they will be good. You must go right to bed."

"But I'm not sick," Martha protested.

"Maybe you're not sick now but you will be, if I don't look after you. Please, Mamma," it was a pleading cry, "please Mamma, do go to bed."

Martha was startled. Bertha was bending over the baby, unbuttoning his tiny coat, and Martha saw that her hand trembled. Something was amiss. Something—Ed—the grocery—the tired face of Bertha—something was amiss—something! It came to her then that this might give her an opportunity to help Bertha; to stand by her; to see her through her trouble. This might be the way. She had meant to talk with Bertha, reason with her, assure her. And now, all she could do was to go to bed. Go to bed and give Bertha an excuse for staying. The others would not know that Bertha did not want to stay at home. But Martha knew—Martha knew!

All right then, she would go to bed. Almost she laughed aloud. Instead, she sat down on the bottom step of the stairs and coughed luxuriously. How absurd it was—preposterous! And Martha would rather have gone to China than to bed.

"There, I told you," Bertha cautioned. "I told you, you weren't fit to work about. Why, that cough is terrible, Mamma."

Martha coughed afresh and put her hand to her head wearily.

"Well, I don't feel just right. But I will go to bed as you say, Bertha. I will go."

"That's the way to talk." There was no denying the relief in Bertha's tone. "Just a few days will do you a world of good, Mamma. It will put you on your feet again."

So Martha went slowly up the stairs to bed. Behind the closed door she indulged in soft laughter. It seemed so foolish, this going to bed at three-thirty. But she must help Bertha and this was probably the only way.

"WELL, as long as she stays in this house," Martha chuckled as she turned down the covers, "I stay in bed."

Bruce came in an hour later and Martha heard him talking to Bertha in the hall. She listened, highly amused.

"Hello there, kids!" he called. "What's up?"

"We are," Bertha replied. "But Mamma isn't—"

"What?"

"Mamma is in bed."

"By Jove!" Bruce ejaculated. "What's she doing there?"

Martha turned her face to the pillow and laughed.

"She isn't well. I—"

"Say now," Bruce interrupted. "There's some- *(Continued on page 64)*

Original from

All kinds of transportation have been used in Red Cross work in the Balkans. Here is a barge load of supplies being towed across Lake Ochrida in Serbia for the destitute villagers

The March of the Red Cross

A GLIMPSE from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

You can see all these from the Tower

House Boats in California
Refugees in Constantinople
Wharves in Corpus Christi
Delegates in Switzerland
School Children in France
Busy Nurses in Arkansas

IF YOU had chanced last week to go into a certain Arkansas village, some thirty-two miles from the railroad, and had entered the belfry of the country church there, you might have been surprised to find a group of earnest women listening intently to a plainly dressed woman giving a talk upon health. If you had watched that woman at work for a period of twelve hours, then you would have been certain to have had a brand new experience.

You would have found that she not only collected the women of the village for health discussions and talks, but that she visited many homes constantly where illness was. In addition to her individual tasks, you would have discovered that she went to the village school every day and not only looked closely after the children's health but taught them sewing and care of the sick as well as home hygiene and the elements of health. You would have found that she, herself, prepared the one hot dish which the children got who could not go home to lunch, and that she knew what food every boy and girl in the school got at home. And, at the end of your twelve hours, the chances are that you would have concluded quite emphatically that her job might or might not be inspiring but that there was no doubt about its difficulty! Anyone who had to carry water, from a spring, up twelve steps and heat it herself before she could have hot water, had no soft, easy job!

The above are the facts about Kingston, Arkansas. This village, thirty-two miles from the railroad, is receiving to-day its first taste of civilization's new health methods from a Red Cross public health nurse. It has joined the host of villages whose names bring up memories of the Ramapo hills of New York, of the Connecticut coast, of the mountains of Kentucky, of the quaint Arcadian districts of Louisiana, and of the big Northwest where similar nurses have laid aside the scarlet-lined cape of blue they wore in France, and have enlisted in the new work of the Red Cross at home.

The incident is typical, too—not only of the great work for the general improvement of health conditions and for the betterment of community life which the Red Cross has undertaken at home, but of the scene of three-fourths of that effort, as well.

Three-fourths of Red Cross work is in rural districts

Even yet many people do not seem to realize that of the population of this country nearly fifty millions live in the country. There are very few chapters of the Red Cross which do not have rural sections within their jurisdiction. Twenty-eight hundred of the thirty-

A notable gathering of Red Cross workers took place in Washington recently, headed by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Mabel T. Boardman

six hundred chapters, indeed, are in counties which have no towns of over eight thousand. Their problems are distinctly rural. Over seventy-five per cent of Red Cross work is in territory dependent upon rural things for social well being.

The experience of the Home Service workers during the war, when they found no other social agencies in these communities and so built up their own, first brought this condition of affairs to the notice of the Red Cross. The experiences of the one hundred and fifty field workers of the Red Cross, who go from chapter to chapter all over this country, is reinforcing that discovery to-day. It is the reason back of the newly created Red Cross Rural Service, which will place the services of the Red Cross before these smaller communities as the Field Service already has done among our larger communities.

One Red Cross peace program, along health and community lines, presented by one person and carried out by trained workers, with volunteer assistants! That is the goal of Red Cross Service today.

IT is a service that, day by day, is becoming as distinctly a definite kind of Red Cross work for American communities as the canteen work or the camp service ever was for the American soldier. At the present moment, it has begun to reach the larger towns, and surveys, either initiated or backed by the Red Cross, are in operation in places like Athens, Georgia; Olean, New York; Pocatello, Idaho; Hagerstown, Maryland; and many others. The list is not longer only because of the lack of trained workers to carry on such work—a lack which it is hoped the newly organized Red Cross educational training service will soon overcome.

The present status of the Health Center Movement

In the larger cities, meanwhile, the health center movement is gathering an ever increasing impetus. When the Red Cross entered this movement about six months ago, there were perhaps thirty health centers actually in operation in various places. At the present moment, the Red Cross has co-operated in starting seventeen new ones, and is interested in seventeen more which are about to begin work in different cities. A half dozen of these have been the work of the Red Cross alone.

They present an unusually varied aspect, scattered as they are in communities of all sizes and kinds all over the country from New York to California. In Bridgeton, New Jersey, for instance, a town of fourteen thousand, the Red Cross maintains three rooms on the first floor of a building on one of the main downtown streets. In San Rafael, California, a remodeled houseboat serves as headquarters for the work. In Lawrence, Kansas, the health center has set up shop in the City Hall. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, five rooms in an office building are used and the various clinics are set up there, the Juniors being supporters of the dental clinic.

The largest city in which the Red Cross has assisted in establishing health centers is St. Louis, where there are now eleven such places. And these, it should be remembered, are simply a few of the ones in which the Red Cross has been interested. In the whole country, to-day, there are over seventy health centers, with over thirty more proposed. Despite the tremendous difference in equipment and location, they are all run from the same point of view and are the product of the same idea—that of gathering, under one roof, all the public health work of the community. Such a beginning might well be considered a happy omen for this latest plan for modern community welfare, and one which would justify the Red Cross in its peace-time efforts even if it had no other interests.

JUST a glance at some of the other Red Cross achievements of the month, however, reveals the infinite variety of its efforts. How, indeed, can one characterize an organization which, at one and the same time, engages in rehabilitating a tornado-swept town like Corpus Christi, Texas, rebuilding wharves, rebuilding homes, taking care of destitute families and homeless children; and, while this is going on, sends forty thousand dollars worth of garments to drought stricken farmers of Montana, and loans fifty thousand dollars to their destitute families? Which obeys the wish of eight hundred former members of the A. E. F. and for a year sees that their contributions provide food, clothing and education for eight hundred orphans of France? And, at the same time, carries on a community kitchen for school children of the poorer districts of a great Middle Western city; and, in hundreds of smaller towns, serves

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lunches and a bottle of milk to the youngsters, as in Marion, Kansas? These are just a few of the things the Red Cross has been doing all over this country during these past few weeks.

Of them all, however, none has been more noteworthy than the rise into prominence of the work of the Juniors in Europe, reports of which have just reached this country. All during the winter, those enterprising, youthful members of ours have been maintaining, along the shell-torn ragged line that was once the Belgian battle front, a series of school canteens which have fed over three thousand children daily. In all of Belgium, they have been maintaining thirty-two such canteens, beside a free school at Roulers where two hundred destitute children have been cared for.

In France the work has taken on a wide scope also, the most important step having been the formation of winter colonies in Brittany and, in the south, for the children of the devastated regions. About three hundred and fifty children from ruined homes in towns like Soissons, St. Quentin and Rheims have been sent to such colonies in southern France. They have been not only comfortably housed and abundantly fed but have been given daily school instruction in orderly living, hygiene and home economics. In Toul, the Junior Red Cross unit has been operating a sewing class in co-operation with the village school, the teachers devoting a whole afternoon to it, and allowing the girls of the village who could not attend school to come also. In Paris, scholarships have been provided for about one hundred students in French colleges in order to enable them to complete their educations, and over sixty apprenticeships have been awarded boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen who have wanted to take the manual training course in the fifteen such schools in Paris.

In the Balkans, five schools and three orphanages have been either established or substantially aided, and the most

(*Continued on Page 77*)

Above, a Red Cross clothing distribution in Montenegro. 1,500 peasants received American garments here to protect them from the cold. At the right, one of the many families which have lived in box cars in Greece all winter

Below, some of the flimsy wooden houses which are springing up in Flanders. This picture is at Paschendaele where the Red Cross has aided refugees with food and clothing, selling many things to them at cost

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SEVEN MONTHS WITH A SHOVEL

By Whiting Williams

The Whiting Williams of the desk and consulting room and—the Whiting Williams of the shovel!

"COMRADES! Listen. Why don't you send those blanks back with the name and address of every man in town who hasn't got a job? Don't you know that if we can get our stuff into an idle man's hands—and his head—before he finds work, we can get somewhere with him? Quick, now send 'em in!"

About a year ago, when I was trying to find the causes of unrest, I often heard the secretary of Communist meetings pleading in these words:

"Provide the people with food *and work* and Bolshevism will vanish!" This was the counsel of Maximilian Harden.

Those words, combined with the experiences I went through during the seven months of 1919 when I waited, worked, ate and slept with the unskilled laborer, confirmed my conviction that, for the wage worker, as for the rest of us, the most important thing in the world is his job.

Despite the use of the terms, "labor" and "capital," very few of us know as many as a half dozen middle-aged men who do not have to go down to the plant or the office every morning to help out their property incomes with some kind of a salary from some kind of a daily job. The number of men who contrive to obtain an income of $15,000 or more a year in any and all ways is small, less, in fact, than a few hundredths of one per cent. Of that number, in turn, those who receive such a sum from stocks or other property exclusively, make a very small group indeed. And still further, most of those who do receive that much from property will be found to be drawing a still larger sum from the doing of some daily work and the carrying of some definite and useful responsibility.

The fact is that in this country practically all of us and, certainly, the most effective people among us have a job.

For practically every one of us, the chief value of our property or capital is its service in insuring us and our families against the day when, through sickness, age or some other disability, we may lose our job.

In England, "Who is he?" generally means, "Who's his father?" It did, at least, before the war. In Germany, before the war, it meant "How close does he stand to the Emperor and all the other powers that comprise the Government?" In this country, it seldom means anything other than "What does he do? How does he earn his living?"

WHAT do you know about a steel worker's life and hopes or a coal miner's? Whiting Williams, an officer of a big steel corporation, realized that he knew practically nothing about them. In order to find out, he spent seven months working and sleeping with the unskilled laborer. Here are some of his conclusions.

The reason is simple enough. Quite properly, we have figured it out that our station depends on the life we lead and the life we lead depends, in turn, on how we earn our living. We can all have the pleasure of deciding how we will live our lives outside of our work, but after we have chosen our work and accepted the conditions which go with it, we usually find that we must adjust our private and home doings to our work's requirements. Without thinking very much about it, most of us realize that what we can

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A close-up of steel workers standing in line for their pay at a Pittsburgh mill

do and also what we want to do out of office or working hours depends mainly on what we more or less must do in working hours. The moment we say: "As for me and my house, we will earn our living in such and such a manner," that moment we must begin to adjust all the rest of our daily doings to that manner of earning unless we stand ready to change the mind and the work of "us and our house," on short notice.

This is true for all of us, whether we earn our pay by the month, week or hour. The workman gets up and is off and into the plant too early to see his youngsters. The big chief, his employer, is kept by conferences at the plant too late to see his. The bank clerk is threatened with tuberculosis and the school teacher with old-fogeyism if they don't adapt themselves to their work in ways which secure certain kinds of physical and mental exercises and interests. The means of living having been determined upon, our human nature seems to do its level best to try to find such other interests and experiences as will average the whole and make it what is properly called "wholesome."

A doctor friend claims that even our ears try to do exactly the same thing. He says that if you will tell him the kind of noises you hear all day on your job, he will tell you the kind of sounds you will naturally look for and probably obtain in your home doings and recreations—they will be higher and lower than the noises of your job.

Our palates jog our desires in the same everlasting effort towards a wholesome average. After my first four weeks in a mill-town laborers' boarding-house, a friend who set me up to a grand hotel dinner laughed as the waiter brought me what I had ordered. It was banana fritters, strawberry jam, mince pie, French pastry and ice cream! But after all, it made a pretty average month when added to twenty-nine days of bread, beef-stew and pancakes!

AS I see it, the meaning of this is that we get a lot closer to a right understanding of the minds and hearts of people of every kind, the moment we begin to look at them in the way they find it necessary to look at us—through their work. It is surprising to see how the various factors of people's lives and the various features of their viewpoints seem to flow out of the conditions which they encounter in the earning of their daily bread.

Take, for instance, my friends back there in the labor gangs and on the open-hearths and the blast furnaces in the steel industry. Their affairs and attitudes build themselves up around what practically has to be the foundation stone, namely, that the great furnaces and stoves must be kept going all through the twenty-four hours and all through the week. Also, that while they require more or less passive attention at all times, they need active service at only regular intervals. This necessity of continuous furnace operation, combined with irregular or intermittent attention and complicated, more recently, by a shortage of workers, has served to compel the majority of the men who make steel to be on the job for a long day.

"In two years I ain't had but two turns off," one of the millwrights told me when I had been promoted up out of the labor gang to be his temporary helper while the regular one recovered from a burn.

"Of course you had your Sundays and holidays," I edged in, out of the wealth of my ignorance.

What he said could hardly be printed. The next day I proceeded to learn all about it by working a twenty-four hour turn from Sunday morning at seven till Monday at seven, then five nights of thirteen hours each with the Saturday night of fifteen hours, coming into the next morning with nothing to do all Sunday, except to get rested from the previous week and ready to begin the ten-hour day week at seven o'clock Monday morning. Luckily the millwright gang is not large and the labor gang men ordinarily work only seventeen or eighteen hours every other Sunday at the close of the twelve-hour night week. In general, however, everybody around steel-making plants must get used to those long hour turns or get another job.

One way of adjusting themselves to this unavoidable condition of life in a steel town was in practice during the winter of 1919. It was the use of "whiskey-beer." Every morning at seven, after the twelve hours had ended, the men would line up three deep waiting their turn to move up to the bar, where they would swallow, without a word or a smile, the small glass of "hard stuff," wash it down with a large glass of "suds" and, without a word, edge out through the crowd and hurry home to bed.

"Sure, I sleep fine! Two good 'whiskey-beers' and you won't hear no cars or kids or bells or dogs. Try it. If you're very tired, take three or four of 'em." This was the general advice and practice, apparently.

How they are managing, nowadays, to get the sleep necessary to enable them to go back to the plant at five-thirty, I don't know.

The unanimity of personality among steel workers is, I am sure, another adjustment to the underlying condition—what the scientists would call a kind of "protective behavior." It is an effort to harden one's moral fiber against the heavy annoyances which always seem to get under the skin of tired people.

Certainly, there can be no doubt but that the effects of the long hours lead towards amusements which have a mighty lot of "pep" and "kick" in them. I feel sure that a shorter working day will bring an improvement in speech as well as a better flavor in local burlesque shows.

"I'd been here on the furnace every single turn for more'n a year and it looked like I better take a lay-off. Believe me, it was some little vacation! Wow! Why, for all I didn't spend a cool hundred and fifty in them three days!" This was a big, splendid furnace-helper reporting the way he had attempted to even things up.

"WELL, I'd have a bunch o' Liberty bonds in my pocket right this minute if I hadn't hit the high spots too hard when I took a few days off after a long spell o' work last fall. I found myself skinned when I woke up three days later." Thus, a dejected steamfitter explained one of his mistakes.

Oftentimes, the only way to get that wholesome average seems to match an extreme on one side of the middle line with another extreme of about the same proportions on the other side. If you're tired and are going to lose the money the time off will cost, you don't feel like going to the movies. You want something that will make you "sit up and take notice" and, incidentally, have the same effect on your friends when you go back to the boys at the furnaces again. Otherwise—well, what's the use?

"No, Ah done quit bein' a sailor man," Black George explained, "it just seemed lak a man couldn't hold onto the money he'd saved, nohow, when he come ashore aftah bein' away by hisself on that boat all them weeks."

I wasn't in my family long enough to be sure about the way those long-hour workers treated their children. But from their conversations, which need not be repeated, I understood they felt that their wives were right in finding them too tired to be good husbands, to say nothing of being good fathers.

"With these here long hours, Mr. Hiteman," advised my tired landlady, one morning, when I was doing my best by her pancakes—she had got up at four-thirty to have them ready for us hungry boarders, who paid her only one dollar for three heavy meals. "With these here long hours, I wouldn't bring my wife and kids here if I was you."

THERE is no such thing as "side-stepping" all these various adjustments, once you have accepted the central proposition in the way of the job. A college graduate is likely to be shocked at finding himself calmly accepting such things as little bed-fellows as being quite unimportant in comparison with the necessity of getting every possible wink of sleep before the big whistle blows again. Indeed, everything just seems to change and adjust itself to the job's necessities more or less automatically—just as the worst of food always tastes good because of the ravenous appetites carried home from the mill.

"This night-turn week just don't count—a man ain't no good to nobody!" said the stalwart first-helper, putting in the fourteen-hour turn on one of the furnaces. "And God! How the nights of the day-turn week go by before you get to feelin' like enjoyin' 'em again!"

Unless a man lays off frequently—and he can't do that and be popular with either the boss or the plant or the partner at home—the natural result of all this is, fatigue. It is the kind of fatigue which keeps up day after day and week after week. Of such chronic tiredness, the doctors tell us, the most unfailing sign and symptom is bad temper. Of course, bad temper, the result, as everybody knows, is pretty sure to be a large amount of suspicion and distrust.

So, it was quite natural that in the mills I often found the workers distrustful even of each other and more so of their superiors on the job. Many of these last, in turn, I noticed, were themselves almost as tired as their workers—because of the same long hours, with the addition of other responsibilities. Accordingly, they were almost equally inclined to be distrustful.

Furthermore, all of these tired distrusters up and down the line become convinced that it is the actions of those around them, or above them or beneath them, that cause and justify their ill humor:—just as we all try to blame the nearest person for the breakfast unhappiness which actually "comes from a sleepless night or an aching tooth."

Meanwhile, the outsider who reads only the headlines and knows nothing about the basic factors in the situation, shrugs his shoulders and thinks he explains it all nicely when he does a little juggling of the "Capital and Labor" formula. Meanwhile, too, the tired insider, almost equally unconscious of the basic factors, is apt to convince himself that it is the selfish and malicious intentions of the men at

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Coal miners at the bottom of a deep shaft in a Pennsylvania mine ready to start on their day's—or night's—work

the top that are causing the trying features of his day, including its length.

All the while, those at the top—and it is worth noticing that practically all of these are living mainly on their salaries and not their capital—may be trying hard to get away from those foundation facts and onto better ones. If the war had not come when it did, the chances are that the long turns would have been done away with several years ago, in spite of all the decades of tradition behind them. During the war's strain of producing enough steel for the Allied armies, it seemed impossible to eliminate them and to find the needed additional men. With the present continuation of the general labor shortage, it is difficult to find the needed men now. Then, too, the extra houses to be built for additional workers will cost more than usual and probably raise rents all around. The public will be dissatisfied, also, if the higher rate per hour, without which the change to a shorter day is not likely to be welcomed by the workers, is added to the price of steel.

Meanwhile, in some of the plants, where everybody has been wise enough to blame their difficulties, not on each other but on the requirements of the furnaces, groups of workers and foremen and "supers" and vice-presidents are meeting on Sunday afternoon and "swapping" all they know about furnace jobs and steel in general. These discussions are deep-down and all-together efforts to master the requirements inside of the big plant in a way to favor better living outside—and that without making the public pay the cost. Best of all, too, those conferences report surprising success—largely, perhaps, because of the surprising way in which the workers are able to suggest changes which make for saving men and reducing expense and so bringing down all the disadvantages of the change to a minimum.

With the men who dig our soft coal, the problem of living is different because the basic necessities of mining coal are, of course, different from those of making steel. Of these, one of the most important is the virtual impossibility of storing coal economically at the mine mouth according to present-day standards of operation. As the result of this, the digging of coal down in the "rooms" has to stop at practically the same moment that the use of it stops by the customer a thousand miles away or the moment a car for shipping it to the customer is lacking. When some one succeeds in inventing a practical method for storing coal at the mouth of the mine without any considerable expense of deterioration or extra handling and so frees the daily wage earning from the tyrannical control of the daily demand and the daily transport, then the living of the life of the miner will be a comparatively regular affair. Certainly, at least, it will be a great deal more regular than it is now. In many mining towns, to-day, no one, not even the "captain" or the "super," can tell until afternoon whether there will be any work to-morrow. At five o'clock, in one town where I worked, everybody would stop what they were doing to listen—and many, I'm sure, to pray.

When the great bass whistle boomed *one-two-three!* all was joy. Everybody smiled and big men with black moustaches or heavy beards exclaimed, "Good! Dat's fine! Work to-morrow! T'ank God!"

For, on too many days the whistle stopped at *two* and after they had waited in vain for *three*, these men ran their fingers through their hair and muttered, "My God! My God! What can do? No work to-morrow! How can live?"

Such irregularity is hard on men and, perhaps, even harder on their women. In some places, naturally, it gets to be

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easy for the men to explain it by saying that it all follows on that simple and impersonal formula which puts the mine owners and operators under the abstract label of "Capital." But it is hard to see how anything will greatly help until we can give that underlying factor more attention and scientific study than as yet it has received. Luckily, it can be said that the desired scientific solution is reported much nearer than it has ever been before.

But here's another difficulty to complicate alike the coal loader's and the coal operator's affairs.

Many mining communities are called not towns but camps. That's a way of breaking the news that conditions of living are not so good as might be desired. In one of these—some called it a town and some a camp—I came home every evening, tired and black to my waist with sweat and coal-dust, to find nothing but a tiny tin basin on the back porch. At such times, I would find myself swearing to shake hands with every bath-tub I met the rest of my life!

In a coal camp, there is small likelihood of street lamps, sidewalks, lawns, but a great likelihood of mud, speak-easies and profanity. Also, a great deal of irregularity on the part of the workers—an irregularity which is exceedingly trying to the management, which often succeeds in getting the necessary orders and indispensable cars, only to find that the men have decided to go fishing or to celebrate a wedding or a funeral.

That doesn't make the men and the managers love each other any better, naturally enough. But to an outsider it seems to flow directly from the second compelling factor; namely, that the coal camp has to follow the coal seam. When that seam leads out into some solitary spot, the engineers have to figure out how long the camp can be occupied before the coal is all mined and the streets and houses must be abandoned. The answer may mean the impossibility of pavements and such other improvements as only permanence could make feasible. That, in turn, may make it impractical for the company to sell any property and so allow the miner the luxury of owning his own home. In that case, especially where the roads are too bad to favor "flivvers," about the only pleasure to be had out of the fruits of diligence and regularity is to see your money piling up at the bank—a diversion likely to pale with most of us in comparison with the attractiveness of a day's fishing or feasting.

The necessity of following the seam also creates embarassment by persuading so many owners of land to get out the underlying coal that too many operators and too many miners get into it for their own good. The result is that the country could not possibly use all the coal if all the mines blew three blasts every working day.

SO it is with the makers of steel and the diggers of coal. The discussion about wage-rates, recognition, etc., are only the superficial symptoms of an unhappiness that rests on piers which go deep down into working lives. The men in steel are unhappy because of too much job—following those requirements which have been laid down by the tyranny of the furnaces. The men in the mines, on the contrary, are unhappy because of too little job—by reason of the same tyrannies. Add to these traditionally established tyrannies, the fact that these occupations have been chosen by thousands of the foreign born—and this, too, comes about quite naturally in a way that would be worth describing—and then you have an understanding of the situation of two of our basic industries in fundamentals—in terms of Nature and Human Nature, of Work and Life.

In them both, men are trying, doubtless as one result of the winning of the World War, for better lives in what is, after all, pretty much the only practical way of getting them—by trying for better jobs, more regular jobs or less restrictive jobs. The attempt is probably quite unconscious of its strategy. Nevertheless, it is something like that strategy which we must all approximate if we are to build the American life which the winning of the war should determine us to build.

A short time ago, all the world looked to this American life of ours as one possessing sovereign powers for the healing of the nations and the lives of nations. To-day, those sovereign powers seem to have all but fled from American life—because we have become distrustful. Things aren't moving smoothly where, finally, we all live—on the job. The world needs the best kind of American life we can build and of all possible ways of building, the best is through American Industry. And of all possible ways to produce that, the best, in turn, is for us all to learn to look less coldly (*Continued on Page 79*)

In the coal regions, there is only one way to collect salt for the breaker—by shovel

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HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merrite W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army;* Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy;* Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

As vegetation starts anew and the sap flows, are you troubled with "SPRING FEVER?" Perhaps you are mistaken. It may be something entirely different.

Merritte W. Ireland

William C. Braisted

Rupert Blue

YOUR ANIMAL HEAT

AS YOU are not a cold-blooded animal, your body temperature cannot rise and fall, as does that of the reptile, amphibian and fish, with the changing temperature of your environment; it must remain (in health) always at practically the same level, whether the season be hot or cold. For this reason, constant adjustments are necessary in the amount of heat produced from the food you eat, and also in the amount of heat lost through your skin. When the season changes from winter to spring and the thermometer rises, the feeling of ill-being with which you are familiar may be due not so much to a change in the weather as to a lack of change within yourself, a mal-adjustment of your animal heat.

While the weather is cold and the heat losses of the body are liable to be great, the skin, in its efforts to check these losses, must have the assistance of clothing, which captures escaping warmth and holds it as a fluid layer around the body to shut out the cold. When the weather grows warm, the skin needs less assistance. Bodily heat should then be allowed to escape. Often, however, we continue to wear heavy clothing until well into the summer weather. This interferes with normal adjustments. On a warm day clothing should be removed to let the air get at the skin. If the weather should turn colder, it would be an easy matter to don it again.

Heat production must also be adjusted to the season. We get our heat from what we eat. This cannot be measured by its bulk but by the fuel value of the bulk. A stomach full of one kind of food may have a great many more heat-producing units than a stomach full of some other material. For instance, all the oils and sugars are very high in fuel value compared with most fruits, greens and vegetables. In warm weather, it is advisable, therefore, to eat less sweets and fats. Griddle-cakes and sausage, for instance, may be an excellent breakfast in the winter time, but all too rich in fuel for a warm day. Meat has some peculiar property, by which it is able to stimulate more heat production than can be measured in its actual fuel value, and should, therefore, be taken more and more abstemiously as the outdoor heat increases. Generally, our natural appetite assists us in making the necessary adjustments. Cold stimulates the appetite and heat reduces it.

When the muscles act, heat is liberated. When there is already abundant heat in the atmosphere, we have a natural disinclination for muscular action. This is one of the causes of warm weather laziness, or "spring fever." Muscular activity is, however, necessary for the best health. The remedy for this languor is an adjustment of clothing so that cool air can reach the body; bathing in cool water; skin stimulation and reduced fuel.

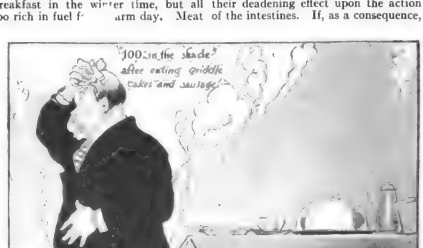
Instead of adjusting yourself to the changing season, are you perhaps trying into to be a fish?

WHO'S A POLAR BEAR?

POLAR bears cannot live in the temperate zone. Yet, many human beings try to carry winter habits over into the summer, and when they experience lassitude and fatigue, lay it to the weather. So might the polar bear. But here's the other side of the story.

TORPID INTESTINES

THE action of your intestines is like the crawling of a snake, a flowing movement, by which the food is wormed along over its course. Oftentimes the habits imposed upon us by winter result in an intestinal torpor that is quite like what you might expect in the movements of a snake that has long been inactive and before it has been livened up by the spring. Cold weather does not promote free water drinking; fruits, greens and fresh vegetables are expensive during that time; storms keep us indoors. All of these conditions have their deadening effect upon the action of the intestines. If, as a consequence,



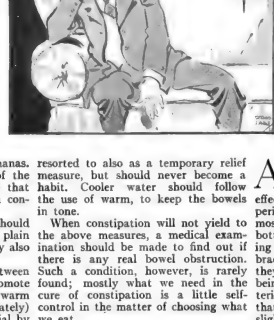
they become sluggish, and do not properly perform their work of eliminating body poisons, trouble develops that is not merely local, but registers itself all through the body. Fatigue is one of its commonest manifestations. Cold is a stimulant, and may mask fatigue during the winter months. Only when spring comes, with its first warm days, may the evils of intestinal torpor be fully revealed.

If you are one of its victims, there are various things for you to consider. Are you getting enough bulk in your food? Bulk is needed to enable the intestines to act. Much of our food is too refined, and does not furnish sufficient bulk for its nourishing value. Kipling, in speaking of the ration of soldiers, once said, "Compressed vegetables and meat biscuits may be nourishing, but what Tommy Atkins needs is bulk in his inside"!

The bulkier foods, for their nourishing value, are lettuce, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, cauliflower, corn, beets, onions, parsnips, squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, cucumbers, berries, watermelon, and most other fruits, with the exception of bananas. Eat freely of these, especially of the green things, and it is probable that you will have little trouble with constipation.

Whole wheat or bran breads should be given preference over the plain white. Bran (well sterilized) may also be mixed with cereals.

The free drinking of water between meals is generally found to promote good bowel action. A cup of warm water a half hour (not immediately) before breakfast is found beneficial by some people. Free water drinking with meals is liable to be constipating and tends to produce corpulency. Tea is rather inclined to be constipating and generally promotes nervousness. Coffee also promotes nervousness but may have a very slightly laxative effect. Most of the laxative drugs may be used occasionally without particular harm as an emergency measure or a temporary expedient, but you should not become dependent upon them. They are liable to increase the very condition they aim to overcome; for their stimulation of the bowels generally results in a reaction of worse sluggishness than before. Mineral oils are valuable as lubricants that enable the food to slip more easily through the intestinal tube, but have the disadvantage, with some people, of producing indigestion and even interfering with assimilation. An enema, of warm water, may be resorted to also as a temporary relief measure, but should never become a habit. Cooler water should follow the use of warm, to keep the bowels in tone.



When constipation will not yield to the above measures, a medical examination should be made to find out if there is any real bowel obstruction. Such a condition, however, is rarely found; mostly what we need in the cure of constipation is a little self-control in the matter of choosing what we eat.

THE mind also plays an important part in the production of constipation. A highly nervous condition may prevent proper bowel action, even with the best of foods. Rhythm is important, and daily attention, whether there is actual desire or not, should invariably be given to the bowel function at a certain hour. Moderate outdoor exercise, that stops far short of exhaustion, is required for a healthy intestinal condition. Overexercise may produce constipation. If the abdominal muscles are weak and the walls flabby, the intestinal movement will be lacking in vigor. Perhaps there is no exercise so good as swimming for the correction of weak muscles as a cause of sluggish bowel condition.

Semi-constipation may exist without its victim being aware that his bowels are not moving properly. Even daily bowel movement is not sufficient unless it is free and copious and soft material follows the harder mass. Anything less than this may produce fatigue, headache and a variety of bodily ills.

Spring, with its new foods and new activities, may be an opportunity for a healthier and livelier snake-like action of your intestines. Spring fever, like the spring violet, may have been blossoming "under the snow."

THE NEED OF A TONIC

ALTHOUGH there are certain drugs which physicians are still using for their possible stimulating effect, to tide patients over weak periods, it is pretty safe to say that most of the patent tonics, put up in bottles and sold at high rates, claiming to cure the spring fever and to brace up the system, are frauds. If they make you feel good for the time being, all the more may they be deleterious to the health; for it is likely that they are depending on some slightly intoxicating effect, or upon the action of a drug upon the bowel function. The best tonics do not cost a cent.

Water, properly used, is one of the most valuable of tonics. There are many health institutions that depend mainly on water treatment for bringing their patients back to health. Cold plunges are good stimulants for those who have strong hearts and good physiques. To some people, they are harmful. The test of their value comes in the reaction obtained from them. If the stimulation, which they produce, is quickly followed by fatigue, it means that the cold plunge is too violent a medicine. In such cases, a cool sponge and vigorous rub-down generally answers the purpose better.

While a hot bath is enervating, if prolonged, a very quick hot bath may stimulate as successfully as a cold plunge.

An important part of any bath, of course, is the rub-down, which promotes skin circulation. Even a dry-towel rub, without water at all, is a good tonic.

Cool air is stimulating, just as is cool water, and the tonic value of the air bath should not be neglected.

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Air, to have its best stimulating effect, should be slightly in motion.

Some hygienists go so far as to say that air concerns the skin just as much as it does the lungs. The skin of the body should glow with color, from contact with the air, just as does the skin of the face. The usual pallid surface is simply a reminder of how starved is the body skin for air. The only hygienic clothing is that which allows some air to reach the skin. Not only the underclothes, but the outer garments, should be porous. The feet also require ventilation. Well-shaped shoes of porous kid promote the greatest foot comfort and health. In calling attention to the value of the air bath, Fisher and Fish, in their standard book on hygiene, called "How to Live" say, "Brushing the teeth, washing the hands, shaving and so forth necessarily consume some time during which the luxury of an air-bath can be enjoyed. Exercising in cold air, if not too cold, with clothing removed, is an excellent means of hardening the skin and promoting good digestion."

Mild exercise, even on a hot day, is often a surprisingly good tonic. The inclination to be lazy, and to go somewhere and sleep, is generally deceptive of one's real needs. Ruling out cases of honest fatigue, and over heat, if a man, or woman, will fight against this inclination and force himself, instead, to go for a good brisk walk, he will be surprised at the wonderfully tonic effect the exercise will have. Swimming is a splendid tonic for people with sound bodies, because it combines the benefits of exercise with those of cool water and fresh air.

Whether it is a heart tonic, or a blood tonic, or an intestinal or a nerve tonic, it's all the same; there are no prescriptions like those which Nature has provided free of charge.

OVER-FIRING THE HUMAN FURNACE

WHEN the outdoor temperature rises, and in consequence less heat is lost from the human furnace, less fuel is required for keeping up its fires. All heat and energy are originally derived from the sun but, in order that they may be available to the human body, they are converted into forms that you may eat or consume by oxidation; that is, the human fuel is food. The actual fuel values of all the different kinds of food—they vary even more widely than do the fuel values of different kinds of coal—are definitely known. The fuel value to the human furnace of a pound of apples, for instance, is 200 heat units, called calories; while the fuel value of a pound of bacon is nearly 2400 calories; of a pound of butter, 3500 calories; a pound of sugar, 1800; a pound of dried beans, 1600; a pound of Graham bread, 1200; but of a pound of tomatoes, or a pound of asparagus, only 100 calories.

Do you know how much fuel you are feeding to your human furnace? Are you giving it the same amount when the thermometer is 72 that you did when it was down to 18? If you are continuing with the same diet that you used in cold weather, in particular with fats and sweet things, and are not materially increasing your activity as the weather grows warm, you are very likely experiencing a distinct feeling of ill-being and, possibly, diagnosing your case as an acute attack of "spring fever."

Besides resulting in less heat loss from the body, hot weather brings about a certain muscular laxity which reacts on the digestive tract and makes desirable the lightening of its work. If you continue to tax it with the usual amount of rich food, "hot weather" dyspepsia—that is, an ordinary stomach upset—is liable to follow. In a very useful book, called "Feeding the Family," Mrs. Mary Swartz Rose, who is one of the country's authorities on diet, gives instructions regarding what to eat in warm weather, as follows:

"With a lessened amount of food, care should be taken to choose those things which are most likely to prove easy of digestion—simple dishes and not too many kinds at any one meal. Foods rich in fat, which of all the foodstuffs is most likely to retard digestion, should be withheld—pastries, cakes, sauces and gravies. Hot breads, particularly with syrups or honey, are especially liable to fermentation at such a time. Protein foods—meats, eggs, fish, fowl, cheese —which most deserve the term 'heating foods,' should be used in moderation. The diet should consist of a very moderate allowance of lean meat, or its equivalent in eggs, cheese, milk or other meat substitutes; vegetables very simply cooked, as baked potatoes, boiled onions, or vegetables served as crisp salads with French dressing, cream dressing (cream and vinegar), or merely a little vinegar and seasonings; fruits—cooked when there is doubt as to their perfect ripeness, or for a person with whom they have any tendency to disagee —and eaten in moderation. Cold desserts, of gelatine, cornstarch, tapioca, or frozen milk, or fruit juices, are not only easy of digestion, but refreshing. If taken slowly at the end of a meal, frozen dishes will not chill the stomach unduly. This is much better than icing the stomach at the soda fountain between meals."

One of our medical authorities, on the subject of the "house furnace versus the body furnace" says: "If you meet your neighbor and he asks you how many calories of food you consume daily, you will edge away from him and look for the insane glitter in his eye. But if he asks you how much coal you burn in your house furnace, you will become interested, loquacious, boastful, perhaps even learned and didactic, using technical terms and displaying a thorough knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of a house furnace. If there is slag in your coal, you resent it bitterly. If there are clinkers in your furnace, you rail. If your neighbor should tell you that he is burning rosewood, mahogany, barrel staves, cannel, anthracite and bituminous coal, just as the humor seizes him, and entirely without regard to the relative cost and heat-producing power of these combustibles, you would then indeed consign him to the psychopathic ward."

Are you doing any better with your human furnace?

EVER GET A "WEEPING SINEW?"

IF you did, it was probably on your right wrist, and came from overenthusiastic baseball pitching, or perhaps some slight sprain or sudden wrench, in the Spring. What happened to that sinew, because of changing too radically from habits of inactivity, under the excitement of new weather, to violent exercise, is indicative of what may happen to other sinews and to any or all of the muscles of the body, if their established habits are too radically upset.

One of the reasons why so many soldiers had breakdowns in camp when the army was first recruited, was because before the physical training could be fully organized, incoming men who had been engaged in sedentary occupations for a long time were given the same strenuous exercises as were men who were accustomed to stiff physical labor. Later, when there was time to properly arrange for the gradation of exercises, men with weak bodies were started with light training, and only given the heavier work to do when they had become properly developed. The so-called "irritable heart" of soldiers was often found to be caused by too sudden forced marching or "double time" before they had been hardened.

The most important muscle in the body is the heart. It is subject to the same laws of

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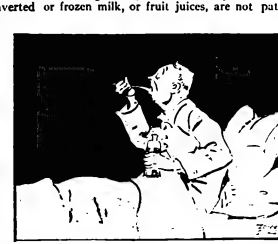

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BILLY BRAD MEETS RENT AND TAXES

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER knows children and has a rare faculty of making things simple. He has made these Billy Brad stories so amusing and yet so instructive that they are being used in the schools. We are fortunate to have such a writer among our contributors.

ONE day when Billy Brad was six years old he went for a walk with his Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald, and wore big spectacles with real tortoise-shell rims, and looked as wise as an owl. Billy Brad was taking Uncle Peter Henry to see his little school garden, which was growing very nicely, with radishes and beets and turnips and corn, all in rows.

Billy Brad was very proud of his garden. It was one of the best kept and most flourishing of all the little school gardens. Already Billy Brad had pulled so many crispy little red radishes from his garden, selling them to his mother, that he had been able to put a big, round radish dollar in the Savings Bank to keep his big, round birthday dollar company.

When they reached Billy Brad's garden, Uncle Peter Henry said he was amazed and surprised and altogether delighted that it was such a beautiful garden.

"I think you must like to garden, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry said.

"Yes," said Billy Brad promptly, "and I'm going to be a farmer, I am."

"When you grow up?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Always! When I grow up. And when I don't grow up, the next year. For because Henny is a farmer and I'm going to be a farmer, too, next year."

"Henny?" said Uncle Peter Henry thoughtfully. "Let me see. Henny is Henry Staples, isn't he? And he is one of the boys of the Corn Club, isn't he? And he is growing corn in that little field beyond your house, isn't he? In Mr. Giffen's field?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "and I am going to grow corn in Mr. Giffen's field, I am. And I am going to sell my corn, too, I am. And I'm going to have whole lots of big, round corn dollars. And I am going to put them in the Savings Bank, I am."

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You want to grow corn and sell the corn, and you want to rent part of Mr. Giffen's field."

"No," said Billy Brad. "I don't want to rent it; I just want to farm my corn on it."

"Well, I don't know, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but I am afraid you will have to rent it if you want to use it."

"Why will I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because that ground is very valuable ground and I don't believe Mr. Giffen will let you use it unless you rent it. But I know a good way to make sure."

"What way?" asked Billy Brad.

"Asking Mr. Giffen is the best way to make sure," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Suppose we go and see Mr. Giffen and ask him? Shall we?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

So Uncle Peter Henry took Billy Brad's hand and they walked toward the field Mr. Giffen owned, because Mr. Giffen was sure to be in his field at that time of day.

As they walked along, Billy Brad wondered what he would have to do if he rented the ground that was owned by Mr. Giffen. He was not quite sure what "renting" ground meant. He did not know whether it meant he would have to plow the ground with some kind of plow, or build some kind of fence around the ground, or take stones off the ground and pile them in a corner. If "renting" the ground meant plowing it with a big plow and two big horses Billy Brad was afraid he was not big enough to "rent" the ground. So he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry and said, shyly:

"Uncle Peter Henry—"

"Yes, Billy Brad?"

"What is 'renting' it?"

"Why, when you rent anything you pay for the use of it," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"For Mr. Giffen's ground?" asked Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Rent is the money you have to pay for being allowed to use the ground another man owns, or for the house he owns, or for a part of the house, or for a store building, or a factory or anything that stands on a man's ground—a barn or a garage or a

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And I'm going to be a farmer

chicken-coop."

"Is it money?" asked Billy Brad anxiously.

"I'm afraid it is, usually, money," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"A big, round dollar?" asked Billy Brad still more anxiously.

"It would not surprise me a bit if Mr. Giffen wanted a big, round dollar as rent for as much ground as you will want to grow corn on," said Uncle Peter Henry, and he smiled, for Billy Brad looked worried. And Billy Brad was really worried, too. He did not want to give up one of his big, round dollars as rent money.

"But I don't want to pay Mr. Giffen one of my big, round dollars for rent," he said. "I want to keep both my big, round dollars."

"I don't doubt that one bit," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Most of us feel just that very same way about it, Billy Brad. We hate to pay rent! We would far rather live in Mr. Giffen's house without paying him, or use Mr. Giffen's ground without paying him. But I don't see how you can avoid paying rent to Mr. Giffen if you want to use his ground."

"Why can't I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because, for one reason, Mr. Giffen has to pay taxes on his ground," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why does he?" asked Billy Brad. "Because, if he does not pay his taxes the ground may be taken away from him," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why will it?" asked Billy Brad promptly. It was quite wonderful how promptly Billy Brad could ask questions. It was one of the things he could do best. "Why will it be taken away from him, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Because he is only allowed to own it as long as he does pay taxes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If he does not pay taxes, the State—which means, All-the-people—takes the ground from him and sells it to someone who *will* pay the taxes. So Mr. Giffen must pay his taxes if he wants to keep his land. He has to pay his taxes every year. So, of course, if he lets you use his ground, the very least he can do, and not lose money, is to make you pay as rent the amount he must pay as taxes. And he might ask you to pay more."

"Why might he?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry, "if you pay Mr. Giffen just enough rent to pay his taxes you might not be paying him enough. Perhaps Mr. Giffen borrowed the money to buy the ground and has to pay six cents a year for every dollar he borrowed. Then he might very honestly ask you to add your share of that to the rent."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it is part of what the ground is costing him every year. And if he has to keep up a fence around the ground, he can very honestly ask you to add your share of keeping up the fence to the rent you pay him. And if he can use the ground himself and make money for himself by using the ground and lets you use it instead, he can ask you to add to the rent a part of what he would have made if he had used the ground himself. A fair rent, Billy Brad, is an amount of money equal to all it costs a man to own the property he is renting and to keep it in good repair, plus a fair profit on the money he paid for the property. So all men, who own ground, ask us to pay rent when we use the ground."

Billy Brad walked along beside Uncle Peter Henry but he did not say anything for quite a while. He was trying to think of some way to keep him from paying one of his big, round dollars as rent.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "I know what to do, Uncle Peter Henry."

"What?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, for this time it was his turn to do the asking.

"Why—Why—" said Billy Brad eagerly, "why, I won't have my farm on ground that anybody owns. I'll have my farm on some ground that somebody don't not own. For because if somebody don't own the ground somebody don't have to pay any taxis."

"Not taxis—taxes," said Uncle Peter Henry, correcting him, and then he added: "I'm afraid you won't find any ground like that, Billy Brad."

"Why won't I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry,

And I'm going to grow corn

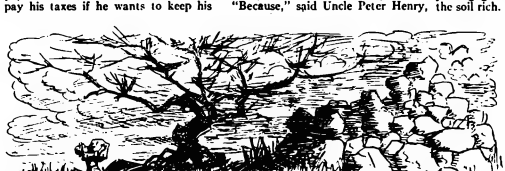
"all the ground is owned by some man or woman or company. Wherever you go, in civilized countries, the land is owned by men or women or companies."

"Why is it, Uncle Peter Henry?" asked Billy Brad, not much pleased with the idea.

"Because the State—by which I mean All-the-people—lets them own it and wants them to own it," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why does it?" Billy Brad asked.

"One reason is that it has been found that men and women and companies make the best use of the ground when they 'own' it," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Every one likes to own things and takes better care of them when he owns them. If Mr. Jones 'owns' a piece of ground and knows he can keep it as long as he pays the taxes, he is not afraid to spend his time and money making a good farm of it, clearing away the brush and stones and putting good fertilizer on it to make the soil rich. If he thought the ground might be taken away from him any time, he would not bother much about making it a good farm. Or, if the ground is in a town, and Mr. Jones 'owns' the ground, he is not afraid to spend a great deal of money putting a building on



Or take stones off the ground and pile them in a corner

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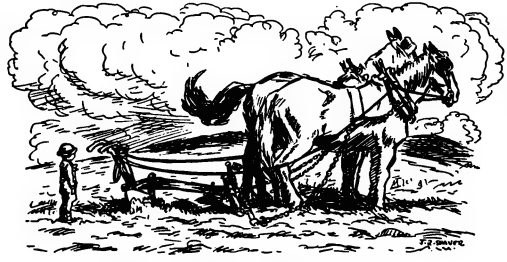


If "renting" the ground meant plowing it with a big plow and two big horses, Billy Brad was afraid he was not big enough to "rent" the ground

it. He would not do that if it was just anybody's and everybody's ground. You can understand that, Billy Brad?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter," said Billy Brad.

"So that is, really, why the State —or All-the-people—lets One-of-the people or Another-of-the-people 'own' the ground as long as the taxes are paid."

"Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, "what are taxes?"

"Well, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "the kind of taxes we are talking about are really rent that is paid to the State by the people who 'own' the ground and the buildings on the ground. The people who 'own' the ground only 'own' it, or have it for their 'own,' as long as they pay the taxes to the State. If they stop paying taxes the State takes the ground away from them, or sells it to some one who *will* pay the taxes."

"Would it take Mr. Giffen's ground away from him?" asked Billy Brad.

"Certainly," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If Mr. Giffen stops paying taxes, the State—by which I mean All-the-people—will take the ground back and sell it to some man who *will* pay the taxes. Nobody 'owns' any ground for ever and ever, but only for as long as the taxes are paid. So what it amounts to, really, is that the State—All-the-people—is the real owner of all the ground, and the tax is a kind of rent that is paid to All-the-people by One-of-the-people. This is so true that, when All-the-people want the ground that is 'owned' by One-of-the-people (for a street or a park or something that will benefit All-the-people), then One-of-the-people cannot keep the ground. The State can make One-of-the-people sell the ground whether he wants to or not.

"Billy Brad, the only difference between 'owning' a piece of ground and renting it is that the man who 'owns' the ground can keep it himself as long as he pays the tax-rent, or he can sell it, or give it, to some one else, while the man who rents the ground cannot sell it or give it away but can only use it, and only for as long as the 'owner' has agreed to let him use it."

"Until my corn gets ripe, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Right!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And now do you know what a tax is, Billy Brad? A tax on land?"

"A—a kind of rent," said Billy Brad.

"Right again!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And do you know what rent is?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad; "it's one of my big, round dollars, Uncle Peter Henry, so I can have my corn farm. For because nobody don't want to pay a big, round dollar but everybody has to pay one. For because my corn farm isn't not my corn farm; it is Mr. Giffen's corn farm. Only I can farm my corn on it!"

"Very well stated," said Uncle Peter Henry, and he patted Billy Brad's shoulder.

By this time they had come to where Mr. Giffen was working in his field. Henry Staples was there, too, working in his little corn field, which was one corner of Mr. Giffen's big field. He called out "Hello, Billy Brad!" and Billy Brad answered "Hello, Henny!"

Mr. Giffen came and leaned on his hoe and Uncle Peter Henry said:

"Here is another young corn farmer for you, Mr. Giffen. This is Billy Brad and he wants to use part of your field next year. He wants to grow corn. May he have about as much ground as Henry has?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Giffen. "I think I can let Billy Brad use that much. And I won't charge him much rent for it either. Of course, this ground is valuable. It is good ground and grows good corn, and I'm glad to use it all myself, but I will rent a piece to Billy Brad for a dollar a year. How is that?"

"A big, round dollar?" asked Billy Brad.

"That's about the size and shape of it," said Mr. Giffen, laughing. "One big, round dollar! And that is low rent, too. I won't say anything about this ground being extra good ground, or what it has cost me to keep it fertilized and fenced. I'll just say that one big, round dollar as rent for a piece of this ground as big as the piece Henny is using, will just about pay the taxes."

"Fair enough," said Uncle Peter Henry, and then he asked Billy Brad: "Do you want to rent the ground for a big, round dollar?"

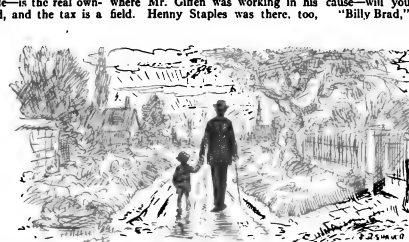
"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad. So that was all arranged and Billy Brad and Uncle Peter Henry started home, hand in hand.

"AND I don't care if I do have to pay rent with my big, round dollar, said Billy Brad cheerfully, "for because I guess, maybe my Uncle Peter Henry will give me another big, round dollar on my birthday. For—for because—will you, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "I can see you are going to be a financial genius—a *great* financial genius!"

"What is a fenankal genius, Uncle Peter Henry?" said Billy Brad.

"Ask me that to-morrow, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry looking at his watch. "It's supper time now and we'll get left if we don't scoot for home in a jiffy!"



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YOUR FRIEND the SHOP GIRL

Frank talk from both sides of the counter

By Margaret Sanborn

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

THE picture above might be that of any customer—you—I. How does the girl behind the counter feel? What does she think? If you knew, it might be a great help to yourself and to her when you go shopping. Miss Sanborn considers the question of shopping from both sides of the counter.

WHO has not been in the shopping district of a city on a pleasant afternoon and seen the people, gayly dressed, poorly dressed, happy, worried, absorbed, blasé, hurrying along the streets and crowding the aisles of the stores, buying, returning, exchanging, looking, shopping, shopping, shopping; the bargain counter with its feverish women diving into piles, and nervously handling over and over again the same articles; the notion counter, with its customers three deep, impatient and hurried; the misses' suit department, with girls parading up and down, while their mothers watch, undecided, anxious, ruminating, and the salesgirl stands at ease putting in a word of praise.

"I don't like that style."

"Have you this in a smaller size?"

"May I serve you?"

"Haven't you anything less expensive?"

"Thank you—good morning!"

These little phrases echo again and again.

Most of us have seen many salesgirls: the haughty dame who wears dresses far surpassing ours and who quells us with a glance; the hurried, tired, nervous girl who can't help uttering an exclamation of weariness, "Ain't it fierce to-day?" The talkative girl who explains that her sister bought a coat made of this material and how well it wore; the insistent girl who won't let us leave without that blue hat which she is displaying jauntily upon her marcelled hair.

From these girls, we, the shoppers, expect certain things: courtesy, patience, interest, friendliness. In fact, we demand them and when we don't get them, we register a black mark against the girl and perhaps against the store. But on the other hand, what do they expect from us? Patience, courtesy, interest, friendliness!

THE relation between shopper and shop girl is a definite relation—a human relation—and it has its difficulties, its stumbling blocks, its smiles, its frowns and its tears. Is there any way that we can get together, customer

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and salesperson, so that the stumbling blocks will banish and the frowns melt away, so that everywhere there will be smoother sailing both for the man or woman who wants to buy, and the man or woman whose business it is to sell?

Does the shopper who comes into the store, always understand the position of the girl behind the counter, any more than the girl always appreciates the particular need, eccentricity and pocketbook of the customer?

THE girl who shows us samples of silks, and sells us hairpins, or shoes or gloves, is just a plain individual, doing her day's work, like scores of the rest of us, and presumably trying to do it the best she can. And like most people, she has her dislikes, her prejudices, her off-days, when everything seems to go wrong and she can't keep the weariness and dissatisfaction out of her voice. At times she too gets tired of her job. And her job is one in which the social relation counts for much. She sells to dozens of different people every day. They flock by her counter in unending processions. She has to answer questions unruffled. She has to endure being interrupted again and again when she is busy. She has to make quick decisions in what one might call tight places of social life. To each new customer, she has to adapt herself.

Every big department store has its educational department, and its classes in salesmanship, where these problems of selling, and the problems of the customers are brought up and discussed. The girl is taught to treat everybody alike. A customer is a customer, whether she be rich or poor, impatient and demanding, or considerate and courteous, whether she is buying a hundred dollars worth of goods, or looking around." For it is not only the customer that buys to-day that is important to the store. The woman who is just looking around is always a potential customer. If pleased she may come back to-morrow. So towards all alike, the shop girl must be courteous, patient and interested.

"But she isn't," I heard an angry protest rising from scores of shoppers, "I always try to be nice to the saleswoman. I know it's hard work and they get tired, but sometimes they are just plain rude to me. They look me up and down as if I were the scum of the earth, and they say they haven't anything my style or my price. And if I don't buy anything, because I don't find what I want, they don't like it. And then they put me aside for a dolled-up woman in a fur coat and afterwards for a man who happens to come up to them. You can't tell me that they treat all customers alike!"

No, I'm not going to tell you that, for I expect it isn't true. Theoretically, a customer is a person to be served, but in practice it works out differently.

In most stores, a certain number of dollars worth of goods is allotted to each girl and every day she must sell that amount. That is called "making her book."

It is all worked out very carefully. In a certain department, hosiery, for instance, a definite percentage of the expenses are due to service; the store can pay just so much for the girls who show stockings, and in order to be worth her wages to the store, each girl must make during the week a definite number of sales. The entries in her book measure her ability at selling hosiery, and her usefulness to the store. It is a very important thing in her life—that book, in which we see her write our names and addresses.

Of course, one poor day does not condemn her, and in some stores, she is not judged wholly by her books; she is watched and rated on her general attitude, personality and character, her appearance, manner, industry, loyalty. But just the same, underneath the events of the day, underneath her greeting to an old customer, underneath her serving of a new one, runs a little thread—whatever happens, she must make her book!

There is another incentive added: she gets a bonus on all the stock sold over the required amount. That bonus, she counts almost as a part of her week's wages, she relies on it to help buy her spring hat and put new sleeves in her last year's silk dress.

Naturally, she wants to sell as much as she can. Naturally, she does not like to waste her morning on a customer who will not buy very much and may not buy at all. Naturally, a little feeling of impatience touches her when she spends half an hour on a customer who wants to see everything in stock, while around her the rest of the girls are piling up the sales. And her voice grows a bit harsh and her attention wanders when she is waiting on a woman who can't decide between a $3 and a $3.50 waist, while a richly dressed customer, in the background, is asking for imported blouses.

ALWAYS confronting her is this problem of the "looker." She has been told to remember that the looker of to-day may be the buyer of to-morrow, but often she loses her patience.

"There's a customer comes in here," said one girl, "to look at silks. Every time she gets about a dozen samples, but she never buys a yard!"

"They make up such funny excuses when they don't want a thing," said another girl, and she laughed as she said it, "It don't fit, they usually say. We don't mind them so much, if they let us know right off they aren't going to buy. And we like to help them. A customer may see a collar she likes. We let her look at it to see how it's made and we'll measure it for her, so she can go and buy the material and make it herself."

But, on the other hand, another gi.l told me, "They never say they're just looking around. They know they wouldn't get attention if they did."

The manner of the looker has a great deal to do with the service she gets. "You can show her all the stock from one end to the other, and she goes away without buying and yet you don't mind —she is so pleasant about it."

Yet another looker may irritate the girl. "She made me show her every scarf we had and try on each one, too." There was a little rebellious note in the girl's voice as she said that, but it passed in a minute, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled, an amused, tolerant smile, as if at the vagaries of customers. "And after she's taken an hour choosing it, she said, 'I don't want to get this from you,' and gave the sale to another girl!"

That of course is an extreme case. Most customers would not deliberately turn from one salesgirl to another. Yet, don't we often take up the girl's time, looking at coats, find one we like quite well, go and look elsewhere and then come back and buy the coat, from any salesperson who happens to come up to us? In our minds, it doesn't make much difference. We get the coat, the store sells it. But to the original girl it does make a difference. She has spent her time suiting us, and to her in all rights belongs the sale. And if we go back to her, it shows we appreciate her effort and her interest. Even the little words, "If I decide to buy that, I will come back to you," and an appreciative "Thank you," help.

Besides the looker, there is another customer who eats up the precious hours of the salesgirl: the undecided woman and, when shopping, almost all women are undecided.

"IF they like the first thing, they won't ever get it. They won't be content until they've seen twenty others, and then, when they come back to us, they'll go and look in another store first, before they'll buy it," is the usual comment of the salesgirl.

One girl in the shirtwaist department told me that one customer in an effort to decide between two waists, tried on each one, seven times. Two other girls were present at the telling of this little story. While I gasped, they showed no surprise, merely nodded their heads in confirmation.

That is one reason why men are so popular as customers. They make up their minds quickly. They don't come to shop, they come to buy. They know what they want and they take it on the spot.

A man came into a store once to buy a waist for his wife. At first, he was a bit confused by the variety of materials and styles, but the girl who was waiting on him did her best to help him and in ten minutes the waist was chosen, a lovely waist with Philippine work, a waist that would be becoming to most women and would warm most women's hearts. Then along came a woman, a friend of the customer's.

"How do you think Bess will like this?" he asked her anxiously.

"Oh, I don't think that would suit her at all," came the quick answer.

"Oh, you don't?" There was disappointment in his voice and immediately he began to look askance at the waist that but a moment before had charmed his eyes.

"I'll choose one for her, if you want me to," volunteered the friend.

The man was relieved. "That would be very good of you, and I am rather in a hurry."

(*Continued on Page 75*)

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None So Wise

(*Continued from Page 47*)

thing out-a gear. She's all right, I tell you. She isn't sick. By Jove, I saw her about two hours ago and she was all right then."

"A lot you know about it," Bertha retorted. "Hasn't she been coughing around here for the last two weeks?"

"She isn't sick, I tell you," Bruce was getting excited. "One doesn't go to bed for a cough. One has to have a fever."

"Fever," Martha echoed and reached out her hands to the radiator. "Now, I must get them nice and hot."

"Well, if you don't believe me," Bertha declared, "go up and see for yourself."

SHE heard Bruce come slowly up the stairs, pondering deeply she knew, for without cause he would never come up the stairs slowly. He paused at the threshold of her room.

"Mom," he called softly.

"Bruce," Martha said weakly.

He came to the side of the bed and sat down. Martha put forth a nice hot hand and he grabbed it.

"Say—what's the matter, Mom?" he asked.

"Nothing serious," Martha told him. "I just have a nasty cough—a nasty cough, Bruce. It is so good of Bertha to come over and keep house for a few days."

Bruce made no reply. He sat immobile beside her, meditating. Martha watched him out of the corner of her eye.

"I'll be all right in a day or so." Martha squeezed his hand. "You see it is just kind of Bertha."

Later Alma came in. "Why, Mamma!" she exclaimed. "I never thought you were sick really, even when you coughed."

"I'm not sick, really—just resting and being careful. It is so kind of Bertha."

"Yes," Alma agreed. "Bertha is so thoughtful. I'll run down now and help her with dinner."

Shortly afterwards, Henry came home.

"Why, Martha," he said as he bent to kiss her. "Why, Martha."

"It's all right," she whispered in his ear. "I'm not really dying you know," and she laughed. "Bertha will keep house for a few days."

"Will Ed eat here?" Henry asked.

"Henry," Martha whispered, "Don't say a word to Bertha about Ed. Do you understand? And like Postum —there's a reason."

Henry reflected, pulling at his chin.

"See, Martha," he said at length. "I see. Mum's the word, eh?"

Bruce brought up her dinner tray.

"Some eats, I must say, for a sick un," he said as he set it down. "Some eats!"

"But a cold has to be fed," Martha's tone was serious. "You know that, Bruce!"

"Huh!" he grunted. "Go ahead and eat then. 'Taint no fun at the table without you. And say, if you want any more, ting-a-ling this bell here." He picked the bell up from the tray and gave her a noisy demonstration. "Ring it like that, see. Eat every smell of it, Mom. Eat that cough right out of your system."

Martha laughed after he had left her, and turned to the tray. How tastefully Bertha had arranged everything and how good it all tasted. Always, Martha had been proud of Bertha's cooking, just as she was proud of Alma's beauty and Alma's music.

After supper, the children came upstairs and there was a frolicsome hour in Martha's room. Later Bertha put them to bed.

"We'll sleep in the front room, Mamma," she said. "Dad brought down Bruce's old crib from the attic for the baby."

"Yes, I heard him," Martha smiled wryly, "and I fancy so did the neighbors."

"What's that?" Henry poked his head in the doorway. "I thought I heard—"

"You didn't hear anything," Martha denied. "I was just speaking to Bertha."

"Want me to bring the paper up here and read to you, Martha?"

"No, Henry," Martha considered. "I am going to rest awhile. You stay in the living room. It's more comfortable down there. Come up to see me later if you want to."

AFTER the babies were in bed, Bertha returned.

"Anything I can do for you, Mamma?"

"No, dear. Sit down awhile and rest, Bertha. You look tired."

"I am tired," Bertha confessed. "But somehow I am used to it."

Alma drifted in—a dream of loveliness in the rose-mist dress.

"You don't mind my going to the dance to-night, do you, Mamma? I'd stay home if you needed me."

"But I don't," Martha smiled. "You dance right along. Buster ought to be here soon."

"That dress," Bertha put in, "is simply wonderful."

"Yes, isn't it?" Alma agreed.

"You do have good times, don't you?" Bertha regarded her sister with a latent pride. "You are a very gay bird, Alma."

Alma cocked her head and laughed. "Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken." She paused. The bell rang. "There's Buster now, Mamma." She kissed Martha; waved a hand at Bertha and darted away. "Have a good rest, Mamma," she called back.

Martha looked longingly at Bertha after Alma's departure. She sat silently stitching at a little dress, a fussy little garment for Tots, and Martha, just for a brief instant, felt sorry for Bertha.

Bertha had never owned beautiful clothes but then, Bertha had never cared to own them. Bertha's pleasures had been few and far between. But then, Bertha had never cared so much for pleasure. Bertha's youth had been given—the greater part of it—to her babies. And love. Well, Bertha had love. Martha ceased abruptly to feel sorry for Bertha. Without love she knew youth and pleasure could be as nothing.

"ALMA does have such a good time."

Bertha repeated. "I'm awfully glad about Buster really, Mamma."

"Do you ever envy her?" Martha asked.

"Why, no." Bertha threaded a needle. "Why, no, Mamma. She has her pleasures and I have mine. She lives her life and I live mine. I have my home and the babies. The things I like are different. And that reminds me," she paused in her sewing, "will you keep the babies for me tomorrow afternoon, Mamma? I do so want to go to the Mothers' Club Meeting. Mrs. Ralph Lane is going to speak to us on Child Welfare. She is just splendid, Mamma, and I do so want to hear her."

"Why, certainly," Martha said. "I can easily keep the babies. I'll get up in the afternoon, just for a little while anyway."

"Just for a little while," Bertha repeated. "Your cough isn't really going to be cured in a day. In the first place, I really planned to ask little Maggie Smith to mind the babies—she does it nicely, Mamma—and have you come with me. I know you'd enjoy Mrs. Lane. She is really a remarkable woman. Raised six babies of her own, Mamma, and at fifty she looks so fresh and care-free and youthful. She has a wonderful way of putting things. You cannot fail to understand her."

"You can tell me what she has to say. I'll mind the babies."

"Yes, I'll tell you." Bertha folded the little garment and rose. "Now, I shall run down and make you some hot lemonade before you go to sleep."

At three o'clock the next afternoon, Bertha came into Martha's room hatted and coated and drawing on her gloves. Martha was reveling in the luxury of reading a book in bed.

"I'm ready to go now, Mamma," she said. "The children are playing in the back room. They won't be any trouble."

"I should say not," Martha declared. "I just love staying with them, Bertha. My, how nice your winter coat looks!"

"Yes, doesn't it?" Bertha turned slowly for inspection. "After I dyed and altered it myself, you could never tell it was my last year's coat. You see, Mamma, in these days of high prices—well, one must—"

A sudden scream startled them. Bertha turned white, darted through

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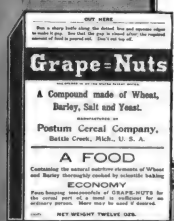
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the door in the direction of the back room. Martha got up, slipped quickly into her dressing gown and followed.

Bertha was down on the floor, rocking in her arms a sobbing Tots. In a far corner, the baby played happily.

"There, there, don't cry, Tots." Bertha moved slowly backwards and forwards, patting the heaving form. "There, there, it will be all right." She looked up quickly as Martha entered. "It isn't much, Mamma. She was playing, I guess, and fell off the chair. It fell too, I think, and struck her on the head."

"More frightened than hurt, I suppose," Martha commented. "Here, Tots, come to me. That's a girl. Mother wants to go out."

But Tots clung to Bertha and refused to be comforted. Time passed. Bertha drew off her gloves, her coat and lastly, reluctantly, took off her hat. Down on the floor, she told stories, played with the babies and restored calm.

"If Bruce had only been home," Martha said, "you might have gone. He can do almost anything with Tots."

"Yes," Bertha coyly, took off her hat. all right, Mamma. I am sorry to have missed the lecture, you know, but it can't be helped. We have to sacrifice so much for our children, don't we?"

Martha said nothing but she thought a good deal. So Bertha was doing the same things that she had done—giving up youth for her children, giving up pleasures for her love. Bertha was learning all that Martha had learned—the toil and the tenderness and the sacrifices of motherhood. Yet she did not this time feel sorry for Bertha.

SUNDAY morning, while the others were at church, she dressed and went down to the kitchen. "I want to help with the dinner," she said.

"But, Mamma, you shouldn't." Bertha tried to be firm.

"The idea," Martha flashed back and looked into the table drawer for the paring knife. Bertha was counting the potatoes into the pan at the sink. "The idea! Why, I haven't been sick, so how can I get better?"

"Well, your cough is going," Bertha contradicted, "and don't you deny it before Ed when he comes over to supper."

"Oh, Ed will be here for supper then!" Martha put it carelessly.

"Why, I expect so." Bertha carried the potato basket back into the pantry. "Why, I expect so, Mamma. Doesn't he always come?"

But this Sunday, Ed did not put in an appearance and Martha was troubled in spirit, indeed; troubled at the silent suffering of Bertha, the way she dallied with her food at the table, looking up suddenly every few minutes, listening towards the front door, striving to be natural, turning again to the table, listlessly.

"Why don't my Papa come?" Tots asked.

"Something doing," Bruce hinted, and Martha nudged him into silence.

Bertha put the babies to bed early and later came in to see Martha, who was alone in the living room. Henry had gone to church. Alma was out with Buster, and Bruce was over at Charley's. Bertha seated herself on the opposite side of the table within the radiance of the reading lamp. Martha pretended to read but she was waiting for Bertha to speak. Bertha sat with her hands clasped in her lap, staring off into space.

"I wonder what happened to Ed?" Martha asked at length.

"I don't know," Bertha replied, and her tone was lifeless. "I don't know. I just can't understand it. He didn't even phone. It isn't as though we had quarreled, Mamma, for we haven't."

"BERTHA." Martha looked straight at this eldest girl of hers. "Bertha, tell me what made you leave Ed and come over here with the babies? Don't say it was because I had a cold. What made you, Bertha?"

"No, it wasn't your cold—not all of it, Mamma. The cold was a sort of an excuse, wasn't it, Mamma?" She looked at Martha and Martha nodded a reply. "You see," she went on, "I wanted to help Ed in the way and it seemed the only thing I could do was to come away and leave him alone. It was about the business," Bertha paused.

"Yes," Martha encouraged.

"Mr. Baker wants him back in the grocery," Bertha continued. "You know, Ed left his father just before Tots was born. He wanted a down-town job and he got it. He had to dress up, and so it looked like a dressed-up job to him. But it hasn't been one and so now Mr. Baker wants him back and Ed just can't make up his mind to go."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, Mamma," Bertha reflected a moment, "the other job looks more and Ed has got the idea into his head that it's going to pay more. But it won't in the long run. I feel pretty sure of that. It's a good business—the grocery—even if it isn't what you'd call artistic. There's personality in bread and butter and canned goods and soup, if he'd only see it. But Ed can't. He can't make up his mind. He's all at sea."

Martha leaned her elbows on the table.

"Bertha, did you leave him all at sea?"

"Why, I guess I did, Mamma."

"I thought," Martha was earnest, "I thought you wanted to help Ed in all things."

"So I do, Mamma, and so I do in this. I hold that every one is given a mind to use. We have to reason and to think and to plan for ourselves. Ed knows that I feel the grocery is a good thing; a business with a future. But I can't make him see it. He will have to see it for himself. I don't want to nag or urge him into it, Mamma. I want him to go of his own free will, if he goes at all. In other words, I want him to use his mind for himself. I am very strong for the individual, you know. Ed and I belong to each other but we each have our own individuality. So I am trying to help Ed by doing the hardest thing. Sometimes, Mamma, I think nothing could be harder. I'm trying to help him to help himself. All I can do is to wait in silence. I felt that if I left him alone for a few days he would think it out for himself. It seems that is the wisest way."

"You feel," (Martha was pondering deeply) "that in silence there is ofttimes the most wisdom?"

"I do!" Bertha passed her hand before her eyes. "I do, Mamma. And sometimes I think I would rather be a fool than try to be the least little bit wise."

Martha went to Bertha and kissed her. Bertha accepted it without comment as Bertha accepted so many things. Almost, Martha expected to hear her say in that polite tone of her childhood, "Thank you, Mamma." There was something about Bertha so fine, so courageous, so unconquerable. All that she demanded for herself—freedom to think and act in her own way—she would not deny to another. And Martha understanding how Bertha felt, respected and loved and cherished her the more.

Monday morning, Mr. Baker called up. Martha heard Bertha at the phone. "Yes, I'll come over," she heard Bertha say. "Anything wrong? No? Just want to see me? Come to the grocery? All right. In half an hour? Yes."

"You'll keep the babies, won't you, Mamma?" Bertha came into Martha's room, pinning on her hat. "I won't be long and Mr. Baker wants to see me."

"I wonder what he wants?" Bertha asked.

"I suppose he wants to remonstrate with me about Ed. He wants me to talk to Ed; stir him up; send him back to the grocery. But I won't. When Ed goes back, if he ever does, he walks there himself. But I'll stick up for Ed. I've done it every time. No matter if he doesn't think the way I do, or feel the way I do, he belongs to me and I love him."

Bertha went away worried but ready to stand firm; ready to stick by Ed, no matter what might come. She went away worried and came back radiant.

"Oh, Mamma, what do you think?" She bounced on the bed. "I went to the store and there was Ed. Ed, mind you, in behind the counter, wearing a white apron. 'Ed,' I asked him, 'what made you do it?' 'You,' he said. 'I had a long talk with father last night. You did, Bertha. I have the wisest little wife in the world.' "

MARTHA drew the happy face to her and kissed it. Bertha did not resist as Bertha so often did. Her head remained a minute on the pillow close to the head of Martha.

"I wonder," Martha smiled, "I wonder what you would say if I suddenly recovered this afternoon; recovered enough to get dinner, so that you could trot on home. I wonder what you would say."

"I'd say," Bertha smiled back, "I'd say, I have the wisest little mother living!"

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BRINGING THE HOME INTO THE SCHOOL

(*Continued from Page 35*)

by the Industrial Arts Class—performing on the little stage of the school auditorium. However, she does it, Miss Lucey "gets" the families.

As an example, one day, not long ago, she went to call on a mother who had not been very friendly to the school. A neighbor, seeing her enter the house and fearful that something might happen, hurried in after her, shook her fist in the mother's face, and pointing at Miss Lucey, spoke in threatening tones to the mother, "You do what she say!"

A great part of the work is done through the Community House, which stands next door to the school. It is a roomy, light, old-fashioned house with a big yard and a garden. In its living room, the little children of the kindergarten gather in their miniature chairs. There are held the Mothers' Meetings. And out in the roomy kitchen, the girls who are mentally below normal and cannot follow the regular academic study, are taught laundry work and cooking. Not only do they learn how to prepare a meal, but also how to serve it; how to keep the pans and pantry clean, and the china orderly and glistening. They put up the vegetables from the big garden; and every noon they serve lunches to the teachers.

On the second floor is the library, the room where Miss Lucey gives her home nursing courses, and two other rooms in which, during the war, the Red Cross Unit stitched and folded and knitted. But the top floor is Miss Lucey's pet. That is being fixed up into music studios, for the Baldwin Street School is allied with a Music Settlement, and about 150 music lessons are given every month in the Community House. On the wall of one of the studios hangs a picture which the school children themselves gave Miss Lucey. It meant the saving of many pennies and the thought and loyalty of many little hearts.

ALL the pictures in the house are interesting, if only for the simple reason that most of them are not hung. They stand around on mantel-pieces and bookshelves, and the children can take them down, hold them in their hands, look at them, even carry them home for their parents to see.

Down at the school, there are movies on Thursday evenings for parents and children alike. And the parents come, too. Here, again, they touch the life of the school, for many of the motion pictures are connected with the school classes and lessons, and the children explain them to their mothers.

I wonder if many of us realize the big work that our schools are doing, what, in fact, the public school really means. A visit to the Baldwin Street School is, indeed, an eye-opener. At noon, the children with milk pails trip into the milk station, which the school maintains in order that the people of the neighborhood may get milk below the prohibitive price. At the station, they can buy their milk at a reasonable price, providing they bring from home a clean and covered pail.

And, after the bell has rung and the afternoon session has opened, how many countless activities! Here are boys playing basketball in the gym, tearing around in their stocking feet, breathless, shouting. In another room, boys whose minds are below normal and cannot follow the regular course, are weaving cane seats for chairs. At this, they earn money, just as the girls do at their laundry work. The boys are good cobblers, too. On the stage of the auditorium, a class of boys and girls are practicing a folk dance under the direction of the physical training teacher. And, in the wash-room, four little Italian girls, who were not properly bathed at home, are standing under the showers, rubber caps over their heads, laughing as the water splashes on their little bare, brown backs.

And how happy the children seem! They come from poor homes, they are often ragged and poorly clad, yet there is a smile on their faces as they come hurrying from the playground, or cross the street towards the school, and there is a gay note in their voices as they pass their "social worker," and call out, "Hullo, Miss Lucey!" They know that she is their friend!

THE MELTING POT SOMETIMES MELTS

By Winifred Carr

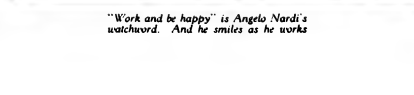
IT WAS, perhaps, a somewhat frightened and very much bewildered lad who stood with the soil of the new world under his feet and the breadth of the Atlantic behind him. He had come adventuring and, therefore, he had little baggage. In his hand, he tightly clutched an envelope, bearing an address which he could not read: "*Giuseppe Nardi, South Norwalk, Conn., U. S. A.*" He knew that South Norwalk was where his brother, who had preceded him across the ocean by a few years, lived. He stood waiting, his eyes taking in the new scenes around him, his heart, perhaps, still lingering on soft Neapolitan shores. Newcomers to this country are not permitted to stand and wait, however, and somehow, before long, the young adventurer found himself on the train, going he knew not whither, but probably to the town where Giuseppe lived because he had shown the address on the envelope to everyone who had spoken to him.

THAT was seven years ago. To-day, Angelo Nardi, at twenty-three, is an example of what happens to the man who catches the American idea. Seven years ago, he was an Italian whose native land could not give him all he asked of life. To-day, he is an American, not only by virtue of his papers of citizenship, but American in heart and thought and purpose, and, as if in consecration of it all, he has worn the uniform of the American soldier.

Nardi did not find this country the "Tom Tiddler's Ground" that hearsay, embellished by his boyish imagination had painted it. From the first, he has followed the trade he had begun to learn under the apprenticeship of an uncle in Italy—shoemaking. He helped his brother in Norwalk until he had saved some money, then he bought a business.

Things seemed promising enough after that, and the new American was going to night school and learning to read and write English, when, one night, a fire destroyed his shop and all its equipment. Nothing to do but start over again, somehow, somewhere, and thus he eventually drifted back to New York.

BUT Angelo is an adventurer and, like the true adventurer, he has always been unafraid and undaunted. Ill-fortune only spurred him to new effort. Feeling that success was bound to come



"Work and be happy" is Angelo Nardi's watchword. And he smiles as he works

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Ends it quickly and completely

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The reason lies in Blue-jay. It has solved the corn problem for all who find it out.

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Then remember that every corn can be ended in that quick, gentle way.

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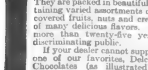

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sometime, he has worked hard and absorbed the new life that pressed around him.

"If a man is true," says Nardi, in his carefully enunciated English, "people will know it and trust him. America is a land of gold, but it is of no use for foreigners to come here thinking to possess some of its gold without earning it. In Italy, a poor man is always poor, but here a man can be anything if he is not afraid to work. Work hard and be happy!" Thus runs his philosophy.

"I like America! I like American ways; I like to live right and wear good clothes. I did not come to America to live like an Italian. The old way did not suit me. Some of my countrymen, they come over here and live in one small room with a wife and three, four, maybe five children. That is not right. I have a nice, big room all to myself. I enjoy it. I enjoy dressing right and living right and working hard."

Asked if he would marry an American girl, Angelo's eyes grew soft and a boyish blush darkened a skin that betrays a hint of Lombard blood in its fairness.

"I do not know," he replied smiling, "I will marry the girl I love, yes. That reminds me of Francesca. A brother of mine, he writes from Italy, saying: 'You remember Francesca. She is grown up now. She is beautiful. Why do you not send for her and make her your wife?' But I say to him, 'No, in America we do not do that. I remember Francesca and I am sure she must be beautiful, but how do I know that I can love her or that she will care for me? For seven years, I have not seen Francesca and I will not marry her unless I love her.' I would marry an Italian girl, yes," he paused, and a twinkle lit up his eyes, "if she likes American ways!"

NARDI has been in his present business location in New York for about a year. He tells of his last beginning, following his discharge from the army—"broke," of course. He needed three hundred dollars to make the first payment on the equipment of the vacant store. As well had it been three million. Telling his troubles to a countryman of his, one day, a man who hails from the same little village of Castlegrandia as Nardi, his friend said: "I give you three hundred dollars." And he went into his store and came out with the bills in his hand. He asked for no I O U; no security; only Nardi's word. "If a man is true," says Nardi, "people will know it and trust him." Nardi bought the store. He does not believe in second rate or careless workmanship. "At the prices people

The Bedtime Story Man

(*Continued from Page 17*)

States and Canada, there are now over 7,000 separate sanctuaries.

Burgess has written 2,800 stories and in every one of them has put truth first. Scientists don't like what they call "Mister" stories. Ordinarily, "Mister Bear" and "Mister Possum" and the other "misters" of fiction writers, who attempt to deal with animals, conduct themselves in a manner contrary to all the rules of wild life. The writer usually knows more about the rules of fiction than he does about natural history. Burgess has won over the natural history scientists by sticking to the truth.

"It has taken some plugging and digging, I'll tell you," he said the other day. "I've gone to the scientific books and pulled them apart to get little bits of absolute fact. I haven't permitted myself to guess or imagine a single thing about wild animals."

Burgess has only once been challenged on facts. He tells about "Chatterer, the Red Squirrel" stealing corn from a crib and hiding it away in his various storehouses. A man in Ohio took him up.

"The red squirrel doesn't steal corn from cribs and he has only one place in which he lays aside his winter supply," said the writer.

This challenge Burgess took up. He knew the red squirrel and its habits.

"The red squirrel behaves the same way clear across the continent," he explained to me, in telling the story. "My job was to find out what squirrel this man in Ohio was acquainted with. I investigated and discovered that he was talking of the 'Rusty fox squirrel,' which has a reddish hue."

WHAT we ordinary tame-world folks don't know about our friends in the wild world would fill books; indeed, this lack of information is filling books—Burgess' books. Not long ago, in Minneapolis, at a convention of teachers, Burgess asked 3,000 teachers this question:

"Has a bear a tail? If anyone knows, let her raise her hand."

Not a hand went up.

And then Burgess described his immense labors in libraries and in scientific circles in learning all there was to know about the tail of a bear.

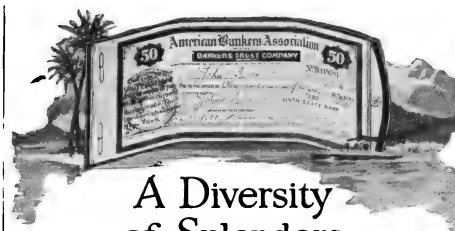
NOT long ago Burgess, in a series of stories, wrote about a heron. He came to a point where he wanted to describe its eyes.

What color are a heron's eyes?

Burgess didn't know, he admits. No books he could find gave him the truth. He had seen herons but had never noted the hue of their eyes. Whereupon, he tore up the story.

At last, after doing things he didn't really want to do for almost a third of a century, Thornton W. Burgess has come to his life work.

We Americans can be proud of him,



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because he stands, before millions of our children, for kindness, for gentleness, against killing, and for truth. And we can be proud of our millions of children who have come to love Burgess for the things he teaches them.

The whole story of Burgess' tremendous success is distinctly American; it couldn't happen anywhere else. It is based on service to us and to our children. It is full of happiness and pleasure. It is an American thing that heads, with other American things, toward the better days we Americans know must come.

If the children and the birds can elect a President all the boy that's left in me says:

"Thornton Burgess is my man!"

A New Kind of Indiah Story

(Continued from Page 31)

one another, two powerful men, shook hands, and on the signal Motanic thrust out, caught Gotch in his great arms, and lightly, easily, as if the wrestler had been a hand ball, threw him eight feet off the mat. Then he calmly folded his arms, looked at the Pendleton athletes and laughed.

Motanic had become more dangerous than ever. He had proved he was stronger than the world's strongest man. Who could influence him after that? Rapidly, from now on, his outlawry increased. A bitterness seemed to be deep beneath everything else in his soul, a bitterness brewed back in those lonely childish years. Of an intensely proud, high-spirited nature, the humiliation of his little-boy life had apparently cut too deeply for forgiveness or forgetting. He had conquered but he had not learned to love. Drinking, gambling, stealing squaws, terrifying camps, he was headed straight for destruction, for everyone knew that no man could take Motanic alive.

THINGS had reached a place where the sheriff was only waiting for the right opportunity, when, one dark night, riding away into the mountains, crazed with bad liquor, his horse stumbled and fell, rolling down a steep ravine among the jagged rocks. Motanic, badly cut and bruised, lay there helpless with his horse, groaning out its life by his side. All night he called to his "Weyekin" to aid him; but no aid came. As he grew weaker from loss of blood, he ceased calling on his "Weyekin" and lay there limp and still in the vast mountain solitude. Gradually there came over him a new peace, a truer understanding. He felt at last completely alone with the Great Spirit. He saw how wrong he had been, saw that the Great Spirit was beyond the "Weyekin" and must be listened to first; saw that the "Weyekin" was like himself, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but that the Great Spirit was always right. As he told it in his own words: "I got hurt; I got sick in my mind; I found God in the trees. I got comfort!"

Some days later, he appeared at the reservation and told those he found there—the white missionary among others—that he was through with the old life forever; he wanted to know the right way in all things; he wanted the white man's God to speak to his heart always, as he had spoken among the trees. It was no "death-bed repentance," but a life vision that Motanic had gained in the long silence of the night. He was softened; he was humanized; he wanted love.

HE set about at once to undo all the wrong he had ever done. He married a wife "white man's way;" established himself on his allotment of land and built a good house. He began with his own hands to clear the gray sage-brush covered plateau over which he had ridden so lawlessly all his life and to plant it with wheat. The terrific task of subduing the virgin soil, making it yield bread for man, putting something the human race most needed into existence, seemed to fire his imagination as a man's sized job. He went at the mighty task with his powerful resources of body and mind, conquering the soil, learning the secrets of the seed, the wiles of machinery, the effect of winds and weather on planting, growing and harvesting. But a few seasons and he had changed the sage-brush plains lying all about him—waste from the beginning of time—into fields bursting with grain. In industry, terrific industry, he has found expression, and in his wife and children an answer to the aching loneliness that once filled his life. He is a full-fledged citizen now and he votes, and votes with care. Though he has never learned to read and write, he is educating his children in the best schools available. He is a booster of good roads, good homes, and good schools, and is, in every respect, a valuable, productive citizen whose leadership has made of his people successful wheat growers and the finest Indian types in all the Northwest.

The outstanding thing about Motanic as I left him there in the midst of his sea of wheat with his children about him, seemed to me his conscious power—a power not of the seen but of the unseen—and his tenderness. One little afflicted child, how tender he was of him! And how strong of all his children. His home, his family, his church, the oncoming younger Indians, these are his life; and guiding him in guiding them is that sense of spiritual communion which is so strong and real a thing with him. He still goes alone to the deep solitary places of nature and lifts his face to the heavens, and listens, and hears, and is serene.

From far across the golden fields that are Motanic's, I think I hear again the vibrant voices of the young Indians in their hymn, "More of His grace to others show!" and I wonder if there is a better way for any of us?

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Borrowing on Character

(*Continued from Page 22*)

charge of the transaction. The bank pays the merchant the balance of the purchase price when the goods are bought. The customer in ten monthly instalments pays to the bank a sum equal to the difference between the total purchase price of the goods and the small cash payment he made at the store when buying the goods. For this ten months of credit the customer pays the bank merely the legal interest on the amount which the bank has paid to the merchant and an additional one per cent of the purchase price of the articles bought—the extra one per cent covering fire insurance on the goods. The total amount of the excess that a customer buying on the newest Morris Plan idea must pay is infinitesimal, however, as compared to the wallop which the "Easy Payment Credit House" merchant usually takes at the consumer's wallet in return for long-term credit.

THE old-time national bank man, watching from his window the new little Morris Plan bank blossoming into view across the street, cannot take exception, no matter how old-fashioned and conservative his own methods may be, to this new-fangled new-comer just arrived in Main Street. The national banks of the country, the banker of an older day must know, have outstanding in loans a sum virtually three times as big as the total amount of currency in the United States If our national money stock were divided equally among Americans, each person would get about $27 in cash; if our outstanding national bank loans could be converted into cash and distributed each of us would receive $80!

It is this "expansive power of credit" which, thanks alone to Mr. Morris, at last and for the first time in America has been placed at the disposal of the poor, as it always heretofore was at the disposal of the rich. To tell of the happiness brought to hundreds of thousands of breaking hearts, of the suicides prevented, the families kept together, the sick healed and the dead buried, the little shops and homes and honor saved, the hopes reborn, the men and women remade again—here we should have a "bank report" the pages of which would bleed if cut or torn. Any man employed behind a Morris Plan counter could recount these human tales unnumbered, but he would need more pages than are to be found on one of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelves of books in which to retail them. It was left to some anonymous poet to epitomize it all in a paragraph when describing the laborer who borrows on the plan perfected by Mr. Morris: "He has his note at this bank, just like the manufacturer; and he meets it, just like the manufacturer, and he gazes at his unmortgaged bedstead, winds his unpawned watch—and sleeps!"

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Baby's Eyes

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She knows a lot about babies. Why not write to her about your baby?

Dear Anna:—

So many mothers seem not to appreciate how sensitive and easily strained are Baby's eyes. Just a little neglect has often impaired an infant's vision for life.

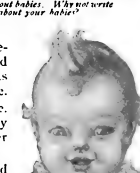
Never let a baby look at pure white. I have seen many bassinets completely draped with white. Always mix in other soft, neutral shades.

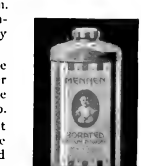
Don't you remember how it strained your eyes when you were making bandages during the war? Also, never place baby outdoors so he must look at a white house on which the sun is shining.

I agree with you fully that no one ought to experiment on Baby's skin. There may be talcums as good as Mennen Borated, but I know there are many which are very inferior.

A Talcum that has held the confidence of mothers, nurses and doctors, for over forty years is the kind that I prefer to use on my babies—and on my own skin too.

Grandma was saying the other day that she used Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, on Mother, who used it on me, and I use it on my young ones. Mennen's must be safe to be handed down that way from generation to generation.





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Susanna Cocroft

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The Gifted Child

(*Continued from Page 42*)

desire. The same thing that has spoiled my life, made it bitter, shall follow him and cause him to sorrow. Do not, I beg of you, let this happen. Direct my son that he shall let this thing go. Let him turn to something that will make him happy. I would not have him sorrow as I have done."

"But your son is happy. He is going to be happier as time goes by. His dream is coming true. He is going to do all that you hoped to do."

"I can but warn you and him," he said sadly. "I am afraid, afraid."

The gift was bestowed on the child not for himself, not for his father, not for the school. It belongs to his race. The school must stand by and sustain the child in his struggle to bring his offering forth in full strength and beauty.

Steadily the boy worked on. He had nearly completed his study of Samson breaking the jaw-bone of the lion when a visitor came to the studio. He seemed to be an old friend of the sculptor. The two talked quietly off in the corner while the "Poor Fish" worked.

At last they crossed the room to where he stood and the boy noticed that the stranger had kind eyes and very large hands. He began to talk. At first the boy replied in his usual fashion, a look, a nod, a couple of words. Soon he forgot himself and was talking, his face aglow, his hands working. Occasionally, the visitor would put a question, the teacher would slip in a word, and the "Poor Fish" would take up the conversation and talk on, rapidly illustrating his meaning with a pinch of clay in his flying fingers.

WHEN the visitor went away the boy and his teacher carefully wrapped the lion and the struggling man in damp clothes and sat down to talk it over.

"Isn't it great?" said the teacher. "He said he would accept it for the Exhibition. That is the first step up. Oh, you'll make it. You have it in you. It is all there in that big hand and that wonderful thumb."

The "Poor Fish" smiled. "Remember how bad I felt about my thumb?" The "peck" of the class teacher had gone deep.

"Well, I wouldn't think another thing about it. A thumb is beautiful when it can make beautiful things."

"Won't father be pleased when I tell him?" said the "Poor Fish." "I must hurry home. I could sing for joy when I think of how happy he will be. He is always afraid for me. Always afraid that I shall suffer.

"You say I am only a little boy but I know many things that you think I cannot know. I learned them from my father. I know what it is to suffer and to be afraid.

"My life is to be happy. It is not to be sad. To-day, it rains a little, well, to-morrow, it will shine. This morning, I was ready to weep with discouragement and the children called me "Poor Fish." This afternoon your friend says my work is good and I am crazy with joy."

Another of the gifted ones was pluming himself for flight. He must soon soar away—soar to heights where we may not follow. He must follow his quest alone.

In the old country, the village might send a gifted one away to the University that he might develop his gift and shed luster on the town of his birth.

Now and again, a family gave all they had that the gifted one might have his chance and grow to his honor and theirs. Here and there, a gifted one was saved. But too often he was pushed aside, misunderstood, tolerated or ignored.

THE American Public School guarantees to all its children equal opportunity for education and growth. It should do more than that. It must guarantee the right of the children to be as different as they wish to be. It should protect those differences, those gifts, as the sacred heritage of the race.

The gifted ones blaze the trail for the progress of the race. It is they who carry the race forward.

They make the music that cheers the world.

They tell the stories that lead it to forget the sadness of to-day in the hope of to-morrow.

They build the bridges between the Past and the Future.

They search out the secrets of the hidden things of the earth and behold! a new world is born.

They paint the pictures of the beautiful things that were and which the memory of the world holds sweet.

They preach the gospel of faith and good works and the world gains strength to hold on.

Cherish then, those who come among us bearing gifts!

Health

(*Continued from Page 58*)

strength and weakness as are the other muscles. If it is not properly exercised, it grows weak; if given hard work to do without sufficient preliminary training, it is overtaxed and injured. Cases of radical heart weakness should always be treated, of course, under the supervision of a doctor. But anyone who has any heart or other muscle weakness needs mainly to remember that sudden strength does not come like a sudden hot day; but rather that it develops gradually, like the coming of the spring buds.

Your Friend the Shop Girl

(*Continued from Page 63*)

For three-quarters of an hour, the salesperson showed waists to the friend. In vain did she bring forward ruffly, soft georgette and shimmering crepe de Chine. The friend was not satisfied and Bess's waist was not entered in the book. The sale which the girl had made to the man, and the work she had put into making it were all undone, and the time and effort were as naught.

At bottom, most girls like their customers.

"I haven't had many disagreeable experiences," they say, "I like 'em and I usually get along pretty well with 'em."

One girl was complimented on her manner toward a customer. She smiled as she answered, "Why, you couldn't help being nice to her. She was reasonable and polite and knew what she wanted."

To that salesgirl, the relation between her and her customer was a two-fold relation. She had her part to do, but the customer had hers, too!

The personal touch between customer and salesgirl is very frequent.

"They'd tell us all their life history," said one girl, "if we'd let them but heavens! we haven't time!"

One motherly old lady came up to a salesperson and said, "I want to ask you a very personal question. How do you girls make both ends meet?"

The girl couldn't be annoyed at this friendly interest, and yet she didn't exactly want to explain her private financial affairs to an utter stranger.

We all like to meet pleasant people, whether at work or play. It is the same with salespersons. They like their customers to be courteous and agreeable. They like them, too, to be decided and frank. If they are just looking, to say so; if they can't afford a thing, to tell it without reserve, to state their price limit, if they have a limit, for the girl is not allowed to ask. All these little things help the salesperson in her difficult job of suiting the customer.

"What kind of customers don't you like?" I asked a girl.

She thought a minute before she answered.

"I can't stand those that patronize us. They seem to think we're like servants to be ordered about. Just because we're working for a living don't make the many better than us. Then I don't like it when they decide they want a piece of goods and make you show them twenty others before they'll take it!"

THAT is the problem in a nutshell. That is what the shopgirl demands from the shopper: first of all, that they treat her as a human being, who is honorably working her way and doing her best; that they meet her half-way with politeness, consideration and interest; and finally, that they waste not her time unreasonably—that time, which is as precious to her as it is to them.

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A little over two years ago the famine in photoplays began to become acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable; for writers did not know how to adapt their stories to the screen. A plan for home study had to be devised. So Frederick Palmer, former staff writer for Keystone, Triangle, Fox and Universal Studios, and writer of hundreds of scenarios that have been produced, was induced to organize a correspondence course in photoplay writing and selling. The leading producers enthusiastically endorse the Palmer Plan as the one proven method for developing new photoplay writers.

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Palmer students are entitled to the free and unlimited use of our Consulting Service for one year. This service gives our members the privilege of calling on our staff for help and counsel at any time desired.

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Advisory Council

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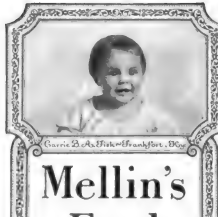

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The Editor Speaks

(*Continued from Page 2*)

people realize the fine thing that he is doing to-day for our children under the guise of amusing them. Not only is the article worth while from this broader standpoint but in it Mr. Shepherd has preserved much of the effect of that beautiful realm of which Burgess is a free citizen.

YOU will notice that we do not publish a great deal of fiction. What we do publish, however, is here for a reason. Fiction of the kind Irving Bachelier writes, of course, carries with it, its own interpretation. As a shrewd, kindly interpreter of an older America to a younger and newer, indeed, none of our present day writers surpasses him.

The Theodocia Pearce story in this issue, in our estimation, however, runs him a close second. Seldom have we read such a simple, moving depiction of ordinary life in an ordinary American home. These stories are like a fresh light on things known but a little dim with forgetfulness—things we will be better Americans for thinking oftener about.

ONE of the men whom we feel particularly fortunate to have interested in the magazine is Angelo Patri. It is an unusual thing for a fine teacher to be able to give the rest of us, the benefit of his wide experience in as vivid a manner as Mr. Patri can. Understanding children is an art, which Mr. Patri has mastered. He particularly deserves a place in our pages.

IN a magazine of this kind, of course, the reason for things like "A Better America in the Making" and "The March of the Red Cross" and our "Health Department" is obvious.

THE Billy Brad series, by Ellis Parker Butler, with its simple exposition of the things which go to make up our civilization is peculiarly the sort of thing we delight in printing. All over the country, lately, school teachers are recognizing their educational value, and in many places they are being reprinted in booklet form for school use. Mr. Butler is rendering us all a real service.

SINCE the day he wrote for us that fine story, "When the Troopships Come In," Frank Ward O'Malley has become very well known to readers of this magazine. In his article, in this issue, he brings to bear that fresh viewpoint which is rapidly making him one of the best writers in the country. He has brought it to bear on an idea which deserves the widest publicity and which is a distinct contribution to a Better America.

READERS of the *Magazine* will remember that fine poem by Stuart Lake, "Totally Disabled," which we printed in our last number. The one in this present issue is the direct result of the experiences through which he is going to-day. Mr. Lake is a veteran of the American Expeditionary Force who has spent a year and a half in the hospitals in France and the United States, and who has gone through eight operations up to the present time. The spirit that he expresses in these poems is his own point of view on this existence. Here's an excerpt from a recent letter of his: "Still have my head, two hands and my heart but only time will tell how much I'll be able to get around. Surgeons are more or less optimistic and so am I, and I expect to be out of the hospital by July 1st, with crutches and probably will always have to depend on something of that sort. Certainly, I'll not be able to return to the active physical existence of my pre-war days."

WE hope these little items give you a better understanding of the why and wherefore of this present magazine. We have had many evidences that our policy interests our readers. Our articles, stories and little editorials have been reprinted many times. We believe our readers are getting something from our pages, and some response to that idealism and belief in America that is in all of us. At the same time we realize our shortcomings. Can you think of any way by which we can better your magazine?

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The March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 50)

promising of the boys and girls in Albania and Montenegro have been sent to schools in Constantinople so they can return and teach in the schools of their own native countries. In Italy, a dozen or more schools have been assisted, some five hundred children being thus taken care of who otherwise would have been homeless and left to shift for themselves.

The money involved in this part of the work, however, has been in reality the least part of the achievement of our youthful members. All over the United States these past months, the Juniors have been working like beavers. Thousands of tables and chairs and toys and miscellaneous things have been made in the sewing and manual training classes and have been shipped abroad, mainly to Belgium and France and the rest to the homes of Balkan children. In the New England, South Atlantic, and Middle Western States, ten thousand scrapbooks are now being made up with shears and paste. They contain pictures of buildings and cities, of street scenes and houses, glimpses of every phase of life in this country. They will go first to the children of the Balkans. While their perusal will tell the children of Europe many things about America in case they ever decide to become emigrants, our own boys and girls have been learning higher ideals of service in making them up. When arrangements have been perfected for the exchange of letters and scrapbooks between the children of this country and Europe, the whole plan will be complete. It is an idea which may bear much finer fruit than can be predicted now.

WHERE the work of the faithful Red Cross forces which constitute our rearguard in Europe is concerned, time has seemed only to heap up difficulties. The latest disaster which has claimed their attention so imperatively that it could not be disregarded has been the vast inrush toward Constantinople of an army of refugees fleeing from Russia. To-day, every Black Sea port is crowded with hungry Russians of all degrees of society. All of them are in extreme poverty, clad in rags, many sick and dying. The hegira from Belgium and France in nineteen-fourteen, the suffering and misery on the plains of Poland in nineteen-eighteen, are being repeated all over again.

The task of succoring this vast army has fallen upon the Allies, which has meant the American Navy and the Red Cross where the United States is concerned. At this writing, on the island of Proti, a short boat ride from Constantinople, the Red Cross workers have hastily improvised three hospitals, a number of refugee homes, and scores of soup kitchens, to care for the penniless and terrorized hordes which our warships are bringing from the Black Sea ports.

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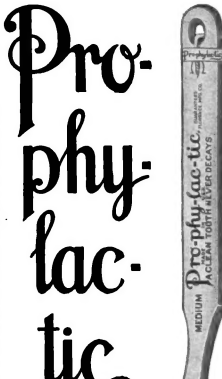

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The Prodigal Village

(*Continued from Page 27*)

come to lose your self?" the latter asked.

"Married a bad woman and took to drink. A man's self can stand cold an' hunger an' shipwreck an' loss o' friends an' money an' any quantity o' bad luck, take it as it comes, but a bad woman breaks the works in him an' stops his clock dead. Leastways, it done that to me!"

"She is like an arrow in his liver," the minister quoted. "Mr. Blenkinsop, where do you stay nights?"

"I've a shake-down in the little loft over the ol' blacksmith shop on Water Street. There are cracks in the gable, an' the snow an' the wind blows in, an' the place is dark an' smells o' coal gas an' horses' feet, but Christmas an' I snug up together an' manage to live through the winter. In hot weather, we sleep under a tree in the ol' graveyard an' study astronomy. Sometimes, I wish I was there for good."

"Wouldn't you like a bed in a comfortable house?"

"No. I couldn't take the dog there an' I'd have to git up like other folks."

"Would you think that a hardship?"

"Well, ye see, sir, if ye're layin' down ye ain't hungry. Then, too, I likes to dilly-dally in bed."

"What may that mean?" the minister asked.

"I likes to lay an' think an' build air castles."

"What kind of castles?"

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' often o' a time when I'll have a grand suit o' clothes, an' a shiny silk tile on my head, an' a roll o' bills in my pocket, big enough to choke a dog, an' I'll be goin' back to the town where I was brought up an' I'll hire a fine team an' take my ol' mother out for a ride. An' when we pass by, people will be saying': 'That's Hiram Blenkinsop! Don't you remember him? Born on the top floor o' the ol' ash mill on the Island. He's a multi-millionaire an' a great man. He gives a thousand to the poor every day. Sure, he does!'"

"Blenkinsop, I'd like to help you to recover your lost self and be a useful and respected citizen of this town," said Mr. Singleton. "You can do it if you will and I can tell you how."

TEARS began to stream down the cheeks of the unfortunate man, who now covered his eyes with a big, rough hand.

"If you will make an honest effort, I'll stand by you. I'll be your friend through thick and thin," the minister added. "There's something good in you or you wouldn't be having a dream like that."

"Nobody has ever talked to me this way," poor Blenkinsop sobbed. "Nobody but you has ever treated me as if I was human."

"I know—I know. It's a hard old world, but at last you've found a man who is willing to be a brother to you if you really want one."

The poor man rose from the table and went to the minister's side and held out his hand.

"I do want a brother, sir, an' I'll do anything ye tells me—anything at all," he said in a broken voice.

"Then come with me," the minister commanded. "First, I'm going to improve the outside of you."

When they were ready to leave the house, Blenkinsop and his dog had had a bath and the former was shaved and in clean and respectable garments from top to toe.

"You look like a new man," said Mr. Singleton.

"Seems like, I felt more respectable," Blenkinsop answered.

Christmas was scampering up and down the hall as if he felt like a new dog. Suddenly he discovered the stag's head again and slunk into a dark corner growling.

"A bath is a good sort of baptism," the minister remarked. "Here's an overcoat that I haven't worn for a year. It's fairly warm, too. Now if your old self should happen to come in sight of you, maybe he'll move back into his home. I remember once that we had a canary bird that got away. We hung his cage in one of the trees out in the yard with some food in it. By and by, we found him singing on the perch in his little home. Now, if we put some cooked food in the cage, maybe your bird will come back. Our work has only just begun."

THEY went out of the door and crossed the street and entered the big stone Congregational Church and sat down together in a pew. A soft light came through the great jeweled windows above the altar, and in the clearstory, and over the organ loft. They were the gift of Mr. Bing. It was a quiet, restful, beautiful place.

"I used to stand in the pulpit there and look down upon a crowd of handsomely dressed people," said Mr. Singleton in a low voice. "There is something wrong about this, I thought. There's too much respectability here. There are no flannel shirts and gingham dresses in the place. I cannot see half a dozen poor people. I wish there was some ragged clothing down there in the pews. There isn't an out-and-out sinner in the crowd. Have we set up a little private god of our own that cares only for the rich and respectable?" I asked myself. "This is the place for Hiram Blenkinsop and old Bill Leak and poor Lizzie Quesnelle, if they only knew it. Those are the kind of people that Jesus cared most about. They're beginning to come to us now and we are glad of it. I want to see you here every Sunday after this. I want you to think of this place as your home. If you really wish to be my brother, come with me."

Blenkinsop trembled with strange excitement as he went with Mr. Singleton down the broad aisle, the dog Christmas following meekly. Man and minister knelt before the altar. Christmas sat down by his master's side, in a

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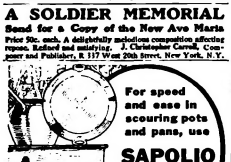
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prayerful attitude, as if he, too, were seeking help and forgiveness.

"I feel better inside an' outside," said Blenkinsop as they were leaving the church.

"When you are tempted, there are three words which may be useful to you. They are these, 'God help me!'" the minister told him. "They are quickly said and I have often found them a source of strength in time of trouble. I am going to find work for you and there's a room over my garage with a stove in it which will make a very snug little home for you and Christmas."

THAT evening, as the dog and his master were sitting comfortably by the stove in their new home, there came a rap at the door. In a moment, Judge Crooker entered the room.

"Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Judge as he held out his hand, "I have heard of your new plans and I want you to know that I am very glad. Everyone will be glad."

When the Judge had gone, Blenkinsop put his hand on the dog's head and asked with a little laugh: "Did ye hear what he said, Christmas? He called me *Mister*. Never done that before, no sir!"

Mr. Blenkinsop sat with his head upon his hand listening to the wind that whistled mournfully in the chimney. Suddenly he shouted: "Come in!"

The door opened and there on the threshold stood his old self.

It was not at all the kind of a self one would have expected to see. It was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome self—the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with curly dark hair above his brows.

Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and groaned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture.

"I know you," he whispered. "Please come in."

"Not yet," the young man answered, and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad."

Then he vanished.

Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his eyes.

"Christmas, ol' boy, I've been asleep," he muttered. "I guess it's time we turned in!"

(To be Continued)

Seven Months with a Shovel

(Continued from page 55)

into the troubled faces of the "other fellows," and more carefully into the underlying facts and forces which cause those troubled faces—facts and forces which try to keep us from enjoying the greatest satisfaction which any person can ever have, without exception, the satisfaction of the doer, the accomplisher, the workman—*the workman that needeth not to be ashamed.*

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CIVIL ENGINEER	Cost Accountant
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MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
STATIONARY ENGINEER	Railroad Accountant
Marine Engineer	Commercial Law
Ship Draftsman	GOOD ENGLISH
ARCHITECT	Teacher
Contractor and Builder	Common School Subjects
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Concrete Builder	CIVIL SERVICE
Structural Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
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Are You Spreading the Spirit of a Better America?

The "how" of "Better Americanism"

WHAT is this "better Americanism" that we hear so much about these days?

Is it something BIG and GLORIOUS and AWE-INSPIRING? No; not to start with, it isn't.

Better Americanism is a very simple matter of beginning right where you live and work—

To be a healthier, happier self
To be a better mother or father
To be a better worker—a better employer
To be a better neighbor—a better citizen.

And then it means getting together with the folks around you and helping them to help you to get better things for your street, your district, your town or city, your county, your state, and OUR country—America!

It is when we all "get together" and make things happen—big, important things like raising a giant Army and Navy to fight for human liberty—that better Americanism becomes something BIG and GLORIOUS and AWE-INSPIRING.

But it has got to *begin* right in our own hearts and minds.

We all *mean* to be better Americans—to make our homes and our neighborhoods and our cities better, brighter, healthier places. But most of us are so busy at our daily tasks that we can't spend the time to find out just "*how*." That's the new job of *The Red Cross Magazine* —to search everywhere to find the "*how*" of better Americanism for all of us and then to tell us about it in interesting stories and pictures and newsy articles—actual word and camera pictures of the "*how*" of getting what we all want.

For instance—

When a man works out the "*how*" of getting Capital and Labor to work together harmoniously—

When a community in Pennsylvania discovers the "*how*" of solving some problem that faces thousands of other communities in the country—

When a city discovers the "*how*" of getting more practical schools, or better health or slumless slums, or more good wholesome fun for its citizens—

Why then it's the new job of *The Red Cross Magazine* to tell about it. Not in a sober, high-brow way, but simply, practically, entertainingly—and even humorously at times, for smiles are often more effective than sermons in getting across ideas.

To boil it down, "better Americanism" means a better, healthier happier, more progressive, *you* and *me* and US. That's why we say that *The Red Cross Magazine* is *your* magazine—*my* magazine—OUR magazine.

It is the common monthly meeting ground for all of us, regardless of race, class or creed—the get-together magazine of America—"the heart of America in print."

Along with the "meat" *The Red Cross Magazine* also will bring you the garnishments of a tasteful meal of good reading.

Don't miss it for a single month.

Features in the Red Cross Magazine

Child Training Articles

By ANGELO PATRI

WHAT is being done for your child? Is the school doing its part? Are parents standing by the school? What of the acute national shortage of teachers? How will it effect your children's education? What shall we do about it? Are you giving the children a square deal? What is to be done with the child who fails to pass? What of the gifted child—the exceptional child? Is the child impudent? —quarrelsome?—destructive? These habits can easily be changed to good qualities, and Angelo Patri, probably America's most famous schoolmaster, shows you how in the new Red Cross Magazine.

"Better America" Department

AMERICA is a mighty good place as it is, but we all want to make it better. This department is filled with stories of everyday life that help to higher thinking and better living.

Labor and Capital Articles

THE foremost leaders of thought and action in the industrial field contribute monthly articles which have proven of practical value to both employers and employees. The worth of suggestions recently appearing in The Red Cross Magazine is evidenced by the many commendations and queries we have received from important business firms throughout the country.

Family Life Fiction

By THEODOCIA PEARCE

AROUND the daily life of the Knight household Miss Pearce has woven a half dozen stories of love, sacrifice, self-denial and devotion. You will readily recognize every member of this typical American family.

Special Subscription Offer

The regular subscription price of The Red Cross Magazine is $1.50 a year, but by subscribing now you can get The Red Cross Magazine for two years for $2.00. *This offer holds good for a short time only*, and is open to old and new subscribers to renew or extend their subscriptions for two years at the old price. Nowhere else can more good reading, both instructive and entertaining, be obtained for this price. Fill in the coupon —send in your subscription *now—to-day.*

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